

C the Circle

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A Note On Style

The variety of approaches to writing and design in this issue reflects the *Circle's* function as a laboratory publication. Although each piece was reviewed by staff members and representatives of the Editorial Board, the appearance of any article, story, poem, drawing, or photograph does not necessarily indicate unanimous critical approval.

The Circle staff wishes to thank all the students and faculty members whose help made this issue possible.

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The Inner Circle

The Snake-charmers of Tuscaloosa, or Auburn Versus Alabama

Let me leave to the Auburn population a few last words, full of sage advice. No, I see you aren't interested. Well, then let me leave (which is more representative of my work) some flippant remarks to put in your craw and chew the cud out of (or was that a mixed metaphor).

Auburn has taught me many things. Like this joke:

Why are all the Auburn coeds taking Egyptian history and plumbing?

They all want to be Pharoah Faucet Majors.

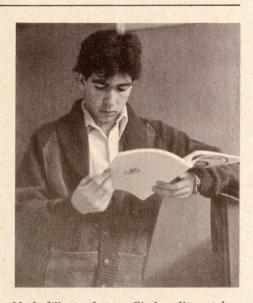
Auburn is not nearly as wild a school as the University at Tuscaloosa. Those who denounce this as a personal judgment will have their side as well. Maybe they are in deeper with the sorority circle or fraternity fol-de-rol and have facts to back up an opposing viewpoint. And, I

admit, the Down Town Drunks on Magnolia and the Farm House Boys carry on rather admirably most Saturday nights. But, all in all, I will tell you this, since two years at Alabama left *some* vague impressions on me, there is no comparison between AU and UA as far as reveling, dope, and sex go. Do not get huffy. I am an objective reporter. These facts do not mean a thing. Why is the sky blue?

The Auburn tradition, as it is revered by the world, is a tradition that values constructive work, preferably in a tangible subject. A tangible subject (this is my definition) is A) Agriculture—very tangible— B) Medicine, people or vet—again, very tangible— C) Pharmacy D) Architecture E) Engineering—you get the gist. Science related subjects are the most tangible. There's more German in Auburn's thinking than Alabama's—technology, research, ya, mein volks.

Back to the gist. The Auburn tradition does not look upon common-place, hard,

(Continued on inside back cover)



Mark Winne, future Circle editor, takes over the reins this fall. Mark's major is journalism, his love is philosophy, and he welcomes contributions of all sorts at 311 Union Building.

Cover Illustration: Tomie Dugas

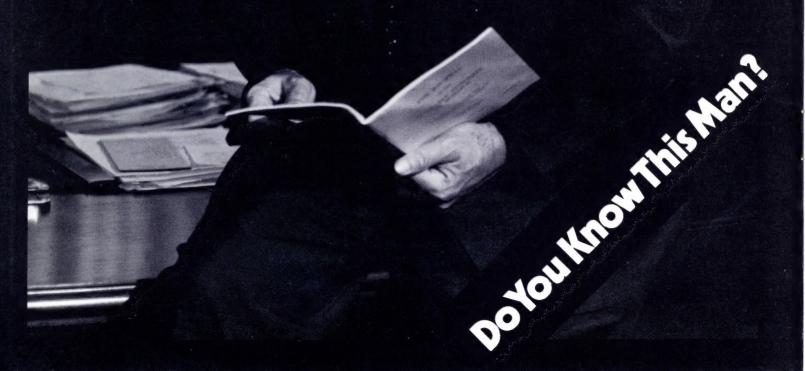
CONTENTS

The President Revealed. By Mark Winne. Interview 29 The Inheritance. By Cindy Lacy. Was it as hopeless as with Harry Philpott. AU's President discusses his philothe Hope Diamond? A sketch with pearls of wisdom. sophy and the latest issues. 11 The Grand Delusions of Janet Delany. By Bernice Stan-31 Fat Farms. By Bill Davis. Bet you didn't know you're ford. Mama told her never to chase men but she has an attending one. unusual flair for it. A college coed's ironic tale. 14 Professionals in Proof: Auburn's State Toxicology Lab. Tomorrow and Tomorrow and Tomorrow. By Leslie By Pam Minor. Blood alcohol levels, fingerprints, and Blackmon. Love comes in all kinds, especially in bullets examined in the interesting story of the folks college romances. The story of a coed's brief relationwho translate physical evidence into bad news for ship with an unlikely aging professor. criminals. 18 Bagheera. By Payton Van Zant. A tale from the heart 40 Fisheries: Auburn's Link with the World. By Charlotte of the Indian jungle with a special touch of Kipling. Ward. There's no technique for reproducing fish as efficient as that of the Nazarene, but Auburn's aquaculture and fisheries program does the next best thing. 23 Parkette Drive-In. By Betty Boswell. The bruises and 44 Poetry. Pinafore Wampum. By Steve Harrison. Contemsatisfaction gained by two girls one summer working a porary poetry examined by a sympathetic poetryphile. man's job. A sketch. 25 Riding Jack Anderson's Merry-go-round. By Mark 47 A Community of Dreamers. By Jack Mountain. Winne. A look into the mind of the world's most Temerity without and timorous souls within-the widely-read Muckraker, Jack Anderson. threat to Auburn University and the world.

Poems and Essays — Paul Alexander, Mark Beffart, Marietta Caldwell, Carol Danner, Susan DeShazo, Elizabeth Duggar, Martha Duggar, Stanley Green, Molly Harper, J. Holmes, Les Hutson, Keith Jung, Pat Kaetz, Eve Larson, Mala Paulk, Paul Sansom, Ann Sellers, Rod Smith, Robin Southerland, Helen Speaks, D. G. Sproul, John Wells Warren, Mark Willis, Mark Winne, and A. J. Wright.

Spring 1977

PHITPOTT



THE PRESIDENT REVEALED

By Mark Winne

We read about him in the pages of the *Plainsman*. We hear rumors about him and we see his big white house on the hill. Still, most people in the university community know little about the man in the singularly most powerful position in the university.

When Dr. Harry M. Philpott agreed to take on the unversity presidency in 1965, with a Yale Ph.D. and wide experience in both teaching and administration, the *Birmingham News* assessed him as "within reason, 'his own man. "While a college president is traditionally looked upon as a bulwark of the status quo—and in many respects Dr. Philpott is—he still impresses one as being nobody's dupe and outspoken on many issues.

He spoke out on some of these issues when, after recognizing the need for acquainting the faculty and student population with the head administrator, the *Circle* interviewed him in his richlypaneled, plush but not extravagant, office. Following is a transcript from that interview.

Circle: A college president must keep up a certain image. Does this place any restrictions on your personal life?

President Philpott: Certain restrictions come naturally with the kind of position that you have. One is that there are a great many official functions that keep you away from the town or the campus.... A lot of things interfere with your staying at home at night or being able to order your own life. There are other things, I guess, of a more subtle character, in that you never can divorce your private life from your professional life. That is to say, you're not always quite free in terms of making friends and being with friends if you also have a professional responsibility with them. For example, with somebody whose salary you set every year, you can't always be quite on the same relationship as with a person who is totally outside the university to whom you have no official kind of responsibility.... There are, of course, always expectation that people have: the alumni want to see the president from time to time, students want to see the president from tine to time, so do state officials. Donors, particularly, want to have some attention paid to them and the job itself does carry, quite naturally, and should carry, some restrictions on what you do and how you do it and so forth, but these are not burdensome, they're just part of the job itself.

Circle: You're an ordained Baptist minister and in light of court decisions, particularly in the last couple of decades or so, some people might see a conflict between upholding religious convictions and holding an administrative position such as yours. Have you found this to be the case at all?

Philpott: No, not at all. I should explain that I was a teacher, first, of religion and philosophy. I was ordained for the purpose of being a chaplain during World War II. I have never held a church. After the war I went back into teaching, so my total experience has been in education. I've been active in churches. I fill pulpits occasionally and speak, but I do not have a professional relationship and have not had as far as the ministry is concerned.

I think there is a great deal of misunderstanding about the American principle of separation of church and state. It is a separation of church and state, not a separation of religion and the state. The church as an institution is one thing, but religion is quite another thing. And the expression of religious conviction, the viewing of any kind of issue within a religious context is the prerogative of any American. The Congress opens its sessions with prayer each day, the legislature of Alabama does the same thing. The practice of religion itself is ingrained within the American system and the American form of democracy is based completely upon religious ideas-the worth of individual human personality. So, I don't ever feel any kind of conflict here. I would feel it if, for example, I had started a church on campus—which I didn't do. We have a department of religion that is not designed to indoctrinate students in a particular religious point of view, but designed to give them a knowledge and understanding of religious thought and religious institutions—which I consider to be an integral part of the educational background of any student. I taught religion and —except for two years (my first two years were in a private school)—my teaching was in a public institution.

Circle: In light of this line of thought, do you think the Supreme Court was in error in banning prayer from public schools?

Philpott: I don't make any judgment on the legal aspects of it because I'm not a lawyer and I'm not an expert in interpretation of Constitutional law. In those cases, you were dealing with a captive audience and the issue is still being debated, not as heatedly as it was at one time. But I think that perhaps one of the more interesting aspects of this was a sign that supposedly was put up in a California schoolroom to the effect that, if an earthquake occurs, the Supreme Court's ban on prayer in public schools is rescinded.

Circle: If you could improve anything in the basic educational system in the United States, where do you think this improvement would be?

Philpott: Are you speaking of the elementary and secondary or higher education here?

Circle: Primarily of elementary and secondary.

Philpott: I think that—and in some respects it's true of higher education—I think the biggest improvement that we can make is in the quality of the people involved in the programs themselves. I'm a firm believer in quality people who are evaluated, tested, and rewarded according to quality. I'm opposed to any kind of educational staffing program that does not take merit and contribution into consideration when, for example, you're

making salary increases. We, I think, can only build a quality education system with quality people. Unfortunately there are a few-not, probably, a majority-who are teaching because they can't do anything else, or could not figure something else to do. I think that one of the things we need to do in education is to rekindle the sense of vocational calling as far as the educational profession is concerned, and get away from thinking of it as a "job." This may be a hopeless dream, I don't know, but the program is going to be improved only as the quality of the people engaged in it is improved. There's no way you can develop a system that's going to be effective unless you've got good people running the system.

Circle: Are you working through your position as president of Auburn University to make these corrections?

Philpott: To the best of my ability. At the present time (May 2) in the Senate, the appropriations bill contains a mandated increase of a certain amount for people with a bachelor's, a master's, and a doctor's degree. Everybody with the same degree would get the same amount of money. Now, that has a certain attraction for some people because they're going to know that everybody is getting exactly the same thing. But on the other hand, it destroys any attempt to build quality because there's no incentive to do better. If you know that you work 12 hours a day on your job as a teacher and another person works six hours a day and you're both going to come out with the same salary increase, why work at it? So, at the present time we're trying to get that specification deleted from the appropriations bill. Unfortunately, this is the way they've handled salary increases for the elementary and secondary level and now they're trying to move it up to the higher education level. I'm completely opposed to it; I don't see how you can build quality if you can't reward performance.

Circle: Would you say this is perhaps the most immediate and pressing problem facing higher education also?

Philpott: It may not be the most immediate and pressing, but it's one of them. There are just too many problems facing higher education to say which is the most pressing.

Circle: What are a few other ones?

Philpott: Of course, you've always got to think first in terms of funding, keeping up with inflation. Even though we've made great progress-and we have made great progress at Auburn-in terms of increased support and increased funds, we have not by any stretch of the imagination caught up with what a number of other institutions do and we've got to keep working at it. We still have a lot to be done in terms of teaching effectiveness. Salary, I think is one means by which this effectiveness can be enhanced, but there has to be an atmosphere in which teachers are encouraged to experiment, to try new things in which they're recognized when they're creative and doing a good job. One of the real problems I think is that so many people take the attitude that, because you can't measure 'em with a ruler or test, you can't judge good teaching. I don't happen to believe that because you can't set up an objective measure by which teaching is judged, you can't rely on a subjective measure. I think everybody makes subjective evaluations and in most cases I believe they're valid evaluations. I know this: the effectiveness of teaching can be tested in terms of student response, not by accepting everything that's said here as gospel, but by using it as one criterion. Peer review-what do other faculty think of teachers—and the results over a period of time are other methods of measuring teacher effectiveness.

Circle: Do you favor more stringent application of such things as student response to teaching?

Philpott: Yes. We are trying to do this right now throughout the university in asking each of the schools to set up an evaluation procedure for faculty which will include student input. Some of these evaluation procedures are pretty far along; some of them, I'm afraid, they're not doing much about 'em. But I'm in complete disagreement with the concept that you can't tell the difference between good and bad teachers. I've been a student.

Circle: Do you think that you, as president, or generally any president of any land-grant institution such as Auburn, have enough autonomy?

Philpott: There's no such thing as autonomy in our society and there's no such thing as leadership by dictation. I've got a

lot of autonomy: I can get a lot of things done. On the other hand I can't get it done by sitting up here and issuing an edict and saving that you, the members of the faculty, or you, the students, are going to do this or do that. There has to be some consensus that a thing is worth doing among the people who are leading and the people who are doing the work itself. I've said sometimes in speeches to the faculty that the job of the president is to administer potentially autocratic power in the most democratic manner possible. That isn't as true now as it used to be of the presidency-you could fire people and not be expected to be taken to court or have a hearing or something else. I'm not saying that that was right or that we ought to go back to that time. But there are still a lot of ways in which you can influence and direct desired results within an institution. You can put more money into certain programs than you put into others. You can build up a program that you feel is worthwhile by support. But, here again, we can't afford to build up one program at the expense of another one that's of importance to a certain segment of our constituency. I think that it's sometimes hard for an outsider to recognize the complexity of a university constituency, the interests of a university constituency, and to bring into balance all of the various elements of the constituency. Alumni have an interest. Students have an interest. Faculty have an interest. The taxpayers have an interest. Then you get into the university itself and people are interested in agriculture, architecture, fine arts, arts and sciences, veterinary medicine; and all of these, if the people are any good, are the most important things in the university. But from where I sit, I have an obligation to try to maintain momentum in all of these areas and, if I see weaknesses, to try to help correct them in some fashipn.

Circle: Being as objective as possible, would you give yourself more instruments to effect change if you could?

Philpott: I don't know that I would. No, because I don't think it would work. The only thing that I could conceive of adding here is more authority, which would probably boomerang in the long run. Obviously there are certain restrictions that I fight against and try to avoid. We have some pressure now to have more dic-

tation by the legislature of the state in terms of the way we use our monies. And a bill was presented in the legislature to set up a centralized board of regents over all of the universities. I'm opposed to it. I'm on record as being opposed to it, because I think that our tendency toward centralized authority is really one of the tragedies of government today, that the best government is that which is closest the people. And I believe that where you have a board of trustees and an administration that's responsible for one institution and that's closely connected with it and that knows that institution thoroughly, you're going to have a better governing board than you do if it's over fourteen institutions and in some cases the board members have never been on the campus of those institutions.

Circle: What do you think the chances are that the board of regents thing will pass? Philpott: In this legislative session none whatever. It has no chance of passing now.

Circle: Do you see it as a possible reality? Philpott: I think that it will probably come back in some form in the next legislative session but it's dead now. It hasn't even been put on the calendar. It has been introduced but it hasn't gone out of committee.

Circle: In light of all the pressure and the scrutiny that have been levied upon the university budget and spending, do you think there are political motives behind this?

Philpott: In terms of a political system, there are always political motives. To be perfectly honest, I can't act without political consideration entering into any judgment that I make here. So, this is the kind of system that we have. If you're in a public institution, you're going to have to deal with political considerations. If you're in a church-related institution, you're going to have to deal with church politics.

Circle: To be more specific, do you think there are possibly demogogic political motives involved?

Philpott: I don't ever call anybody a demagogue. I wait for history to write and analyze his total impact before that. There's no question but that individuals in government, whatever their place—in the legislature, in the executive branch, wherever—do things, make choices, and

take stands on the basis of how this is going to help their political careers. On the other hand, I guess everybody does. Teachers make judgments on the basis of how they're going to work to help their own career, whether it's going to result in promotion from assistant professor to associate professor, and it's a legitimate concern of everybody.

Circle: Auburn's trustees are currently chosen by the governor, is that correct? Philpott: Right.

Circle: Do you agree with this method of selection?

Philpott: I don't know that you could say that there's a better method of selection. Some states, a couple of them at least, have boards elected by the people. I can't see any evidence that they've got a better board. A few schools have self-perpetuating boards of trustees and I don't know that there's any evidence that they've come out better. The important thing is not how trustees come into their office but their dedication to the job that they have to do and to the institutions that they're serving.

Circle: How do you feel about a student member, be it voting or non-voting, on the Board of Trustees?

Philpott: I'm all in favor of a student member sitting in on the Board of Trustees. I don't feel that the vote itself has any real contribution to make. I say that for two or three reasons. First of all, a student's only here for a year (presumably as a member) and people who serve on our Board of Trustees I think will tell you it takes about a year to get used to its functioning of the board and be in a position to make a judgment. Secondly, one student vote with 12 other trustees is not going to sway things particularly. As long as the opportunity for input is there-that is to say, they can present a student point of view or they can present a personal point of view on any issue-I think that they're achieving as much as they could achieve. And I do get a little bit bothered by the fact that if you put a student on, you ought to have a faculty member on, because this is another special interest group and then you begin to pick people for the board out of categories of representation rather than what, hopefully, you would pick them for, and that is a broad viewpoint which would enable them to see issues not from a special-interest point of view, but rather from an overall point of view.

Spectrum

In all experience
Sorted as we've chosen,
A few great moments
Are randomly frozen
Into pure blue
As distinguished from green
But who can name
The hues in between?

-Eve Larson

Circle: You met with President Carter recently in Washington. Did he give you the impression that his administration would be a particularly good one as far as higher education goes?

Philpott: We were seeking his cooperation and offering the services of higher education. I met with him on that occasion as president of the National Association of Land-Grant Colleges and it was in an official capacity. I have known the President for eight years. I've worked with him through the Southern Regional Education Board. He has been a friend, been here and visited Auburn when he was governor and sat in my box at the football game. Of course, his mother has a lot of connections here. So, I know him from past associations also, but the purpose of our visit was to talk about some problems that we wanted some help on from him and also to assure him of our willingness to do anything in our institutions that we could do. We had about 10 people who represented various groups in higher education such as the black colleges, the private universities and the graduate schools and the state universities and colleges which are not land-grant-major state universities- and the junior colleges. But we had some things that we were interested in talking to him about, one of which was excessive reporting and regulations that we're working with. We wanted some relief from all of the paperwork that we have to do in terms of complying with a multitude of federal rules and regulations. . . He was sympathetic to our problem there, he knew about it, and he indicated his willingness to help. We're working with him now on trying to get some relief.

Circle: Does this paperwork cost the university a significant amount of money?

Philpott: We have never tried to figure out what it costs Auburn, but it's an astounding sum. Yale tried to figure out what it costs them; it's about \$1.5 million a year just to keep up with all of the reports, rules, and regulations that you have to make. I doubt Auburn would go quite that high because we don't have that volume of federal contracts that Yale would have. But to comply with all of the information requests, and the papers and

You Have Spoiled Me

You have spoiled me for anyone else. Winter was so warm in your brown suede sheep lined jacket that year. I am clutching at that sleeve these many moons.

-Molly Harper

reports that we have to submit I'd say it could easily cost us about a million dollars a year—in personnel and all of the jobs that go into getting it together.

Circle: In order to get federal funds you have to comply with certain federal policy decisions and—

Philpott: Every policy decision. (chuckle) Circle: And I suppose one of these deals with integration quotas in the faculty. It's my understanding that HEW's "affirmative action" program—

Philpott: Now, they don't have quotas. They make it very clear that they are not asking for quotas. They ask for a compliance program and affirmative-action plan, but the laws do not say that you've got to have a certain percentage numerically of anything. So the rules and regulations are not that you have to have quotas but. first of all, that you do not discriminate, that is you don't reject people because of color or sex or now, effective the first of June, with handicaps. But we make an effort to hire these people and we keep a record of this. And if a question comes up, as it frequently does—was a person not hired because of sex or because of race or something else- then you've got

to be prepared to defend yourself, to show that these were not the considerations which led to the hiring of one person instead of another.

Circle: The affirmative action program—if they don't have quotas, is it just a subjective judgment?

Philpott: You make an estimate of what you expect to do and then they evaluate you in terms of whether or not you did it; if you didn't then what are the reasons. And if you can show that there were reasons other than discrimination for not hiring someone then that's considered a valid explanation. But of course you've got a process here that requires a great deal of time on a number of people's part. Every time we have a vacancy, for example, we've got to keep record of every move we make in terms of filling that vacancy, so that later on, if somebody says we didn't give him a job because of discrimination, we can defend ourselves.

Circle: Auburn has come under some criticism—I believe there was a legislator a few months ago who asked that not only Auburn, but other colleges in the state be denied funding until they boost their ratio of minority (I guess it was specically black) professionals. Do you think any of this criticism is warranted?

Philpott: We're disappointed here in that we don't have more black faculty members. We're trying to get more. I think if you say that we are discriminating that is unwarranted because we have recruited. We're dealing here with a group of people who are in short supply because everybody is trying to do the same thing. And you're in competition with a lot of institutions. We've hired black faculty members and then not had them come, because they got a better job offer from somebody else before they got here. We have six or seven black faculty, I'm not sure of the exact number now, and every time we have a job opening, we make an effort to find qualified blacks to fill those jobs.

Circle: Could this be construed to indicate that a black with the same qualifications as a white prospective faculty member would have the upper hand?

Philpott: Could be. Right.

Circle: Do you think this is entirely fair? Philpott: Well, you said equal qualifications. So we've got to make a judgment

between people who are relatively the same and I endeavor to try to employ blacks, if they've got equal qualifications I think we're justified in this. But, if we had a person who is less qualified, I don't think we can justify lowering the standards under which you're trying to select people.

Circle: So, in other words, the standards for a black professor would be no lower than otherwise?

Philpott: No.

Circle: How about black students. There's also been some criticism—

Philpott: We recruit them. We admit them on the same basis that we admit any other group of students. We have gradually increased enrollment from one black student when I came here 12 years ago to now close to 400. This is not as large a number as we would like to have; but on the other hand, I think the number is increasing year by year and probably will continue as more of the elementary and secondary schools are producing better-qualified black students. At one point we tried an experiment of admitting a group of black students who did not meet the same qualifications to see if we could give them remedial work and make them able to do the work here. And, unfortunately, it didn't work. So we have simply held to the same standards for all students.

Circle: Do you believe the main campus of Auburn University will get the nursing school?

Philpott: That I don't know. I don't know whether another nursing school will be established in the State.

Circle: Do you think there should be one?

Philpott: I'm not prepared to say because I'm not making the study. That's supposed to be made by the Commission on Higher Education and the state nursing association.

Circle: Would you favor it being here as opposed to Montgomery?

Philpott: I'm president of both campuses and I don't want to take a stand. I think this is subject to objective study from outsiders. They should make the recommendation rather than I since I do administer both campuses.

Circle: Title IX has obviously had a significant impact on the Auburn campus and, I suppose, on the administration of Au-

burn University. What are your thoughts on Title IX?

Philpott: We, of course, are complying to the best of our abilities with the provisions of Title IX. From a philosophical standpoint, my greatest concern is that it will foster the concept that you can only treat people equally by treating them the same. I still happen to believe that there are certain differences between men and women. I have two sons and two daughters and I didn't, I guess, treat them the same because there were some differences. My sons were both over 6-feet-five and weighed over 200 pounds. My daughters were considerably smaller and shorter. If the boys went out to go downtown to get a Coca-Cola at 11 o'clock I didn't get concerned about it. I sort of did about the girls because I thought they were in need of having their brothers go along with them in case something might happen. But that's a sort of small illustration of the point that I'm trying to make, really. I don't believe in discriminating against women on any kind of basis that involves injustice and unfairness. I, on the other hand, do not feel that in order for them to be treated as equal they have to be treated exactly the same way. There's no way that we can do this. I think I can illustrate it with a very simple thing. This athletic program is one in which we're going to do the best we can for the women's athletic program. But we can't make it the same as the men's athletic program, until we get 60,000 people willing to pay \$10 a seat to come out and watch a women's athletic contest.

Circle: Are you satisfied with the situation in men's housing?

Philpott: No. We need additional men's housing. I'm satisfied with the decision that was made for next year, because the proportion of housing requested by men and women came out just exactly the same percentage of housing as we had in our allocation at the present time. On the other hand, we were not able to take care of the requests of men who wanted the kind of housing that is available in some of the women's dorms-that is, the suite arrangements, two bedrooms and a bath in between. So, in order to accommodate the men who want a better quality of housing, we're going to have to build some additional housing. On the other hand, we couldn't take the 140 men and

put them in a women's dormitory without running 140 women out. And, since the present men's housing is not designed to really accommodate women and men together, the final resolution of that, I think, is going to have to wait until we can add additional dormitories.

Circle: Are additional dormitories a realistic possibility in the near future?

Philpott: They're in the planning stage right now. The "realistic possibility" will depend on whether we can get financing so that we can swing the repayment of the costs of it.

Circle: How about the women's dorm visitation situation?

Philpott: This was a proposal that came to the Board of Trustees from the Student Government Association... this is what apparently the students wanted to have. So that's the system that we have at the present time. It was approved by the Board of Trustees at the request of the students.

Circle: ... Another issue that has come up has been the dispensation of birth control pills at Drake Health Center. Do you feel the university has any responsibility to provide birth control pills?

Philpott: Not under our present system of operating the health center. We are not trying to provide comprehensive medical care. And this is an area in which we draw a limit on the things that we do—we don't perform operations over there, for example.

Circle: So it's more of an administrative decision than a moral decision?

Philpott: It's a matter of performing the services that we can under what the students pay. There are a lot of other complications, of course. We simply feel that there are certain services that should not be performed by the student health center.

Circle: Auburn has undergone a great deal of growth—particularly in the area of new buildings and other such facilities—in the eleven years that you've been here. What are Auburn's priorities in the way of growth in the next ten years?

Philpott: We'd like to keep on trying to improve our facilities. We don't feel that we have "arrived" here. We need some engineering laboratories very badly. We need expansion in our fisheries department. We have some agriculture programs

that need facilities. We have, according to the students, a great need for a multi-purpose building for students' intramurals and activities and so forth. And the problem of parking and traffic... We need some additional facilities for some of our service areas like Cooperative Extension Service and public service for the state. As long as we keep growing with four to five hundred more students each year, we're going to need to try our best to get on... In a couple of years or so, we'll have the maximum number of books that the library's designed for, so we'll need some more library facilities.

Circle: The personal side of President Philpott—What are your outside interests when you're not administering your duties?

Philpott: I read. Every time I can I get out to Lake Martin swimming. I golf on Saturday mornings.... But I guess in one one way my job is also my avocation because I get a kick out of it.

Editor's Note: We asked him a few more questions about his personal life, and he displayed a little reticence (In my position, only the Lord knows how I vote." he says).



Glistening Snakes

Roads cross but patterns never fail We are patterned you and I Railroad tracks, telephonewires We run side by side Into yesterdays' future, tomorrows' past We fly Never touching, never looking But always aware Fully uniform in thought and action We fly Steely blue and cold We never cross But in not crossing we tie ourselves Eternally— to one sunset When yielding or no Into already fading hazy colors We will merge

-D. G. Sproul



Illustration by Sally Weatherly

The Grand Delusions of Janet Delany

FICTION By Bernice Stanford

This would all be history in a little while, she knew, so she wanted to enjoy every minute of it. Here she was at the big University with its arms snugly around her and the fall leaves crunching underfoot like so many broken hearts back in high school. The whole place promised to lead her into a fabulous world of transient seekers with their tons of scribbled notes and barely-contained young bodies. She could hardly wait for the first professor and the first love.

And the glorious reality of it was that men were everywhere! Even in her all-girl dorm she could look out the window and see lanky fellows heading across the Quad for classes. The girls' dormitory buzzed with showering and hair-rolling and applying of deodorants and too much mascara, actions intended clearly to elicit a glance or a needed date. Janet saw too, of course, a few less worldly types, the girls who propped on their beds mapping out a strategy for the weekend study. But they were generally despised by the girls in gauze blouses as being oddly uncharacteristic of their sex and all-around wet blankets, and this delicate persecution produced a third species of female creatures-those tormented over which route to take.

Up and down the elevator they glided, earring to earring, their meal tickets in hand for the evening meal which was more than anything a pageant of bosoms and shaved legs.

But this particular evening Janet was not noticing the other females because her own plans were not completely jelled and the party she had to go to was tonight. In preparation for her little scheme, she made her way across the oakfilled Quad to the Theatre Department to rent the goatee. While trudging over there she re-ran in her mind the movie of her first meeting with Gary Livingston and the loaded nuances exchanged in their first brief chat. With her mind on the ethereal wonders of love, she signed for the goatee. It looked obviously fake but it was the best they could do. She grabbed it up and headed directly for Bruce's place way across campus to pick up the hat, overcoat, and men's leather gloves that were going to complete her outfit.

Once back up in her room she pulled out all the regalia that would compose her costume for the stunt she had devised in the heat of her freshman infatuation with Gary Livingston. She put on the shirt and tie that Alice had pirated for her from some friend, and then she applied the dark eyeshadow over her cheeks and throat to represent day old nubs on a bum. She circled her eyes with brown and hollowed her cheeks to add a grim, gaunt, masculine look. She stuffed the T-shirt underneath with old clothes to hide any feminine elevations or indentions, then pulled on the tremendous overcoat, arranged the tie again, stuck the carnation into the lapel and smiled at her impish grin in the mirror. Bruce had lent her some large shoes which she found cumbersome but necessary to top off her hobo appearance. The finishing touch was a Tampa Nugget stuck in the side of her mouth. She pushed her hair under a cap. pulled on the gloves and raced out the backstairs in a frenzy of delight over the upcoming charade. It was the most daring she had ever been, but Gary was a dream and she couldn't restrain herself, wrapped as she was in this blinding cloud of novelty.

He would be there at the party with a lot of other students and she hoped to loiter at the punch bowl and observe his every move, then finally reveal herself and capture his heart forever. The other students were going to dress up in '50's clothing, so she hoped to blend in with the crowd for awhile.

As it all seemed like such a magnificent thing to do, and fascinated as she was by the Adonis of the pre-law curriculum, there happened the not uncommon result that Janet thought Gary was as madly in love with her.

She sauntered to the party, taking fake draws on the big cigar. She didn't feel a bit ridiculous, which she realized was a bad sign. Then she saw the lights of the student union and went to the door.

Her luck was waning, however, because the group had left a few minutes before her arrival. She was told to find them several blocks down the boulevard at a movie, so she quickly retraced her steps and trotted to the theatre. She had to pay the ticket lady \$3.00 to get in, but she felt it was worth every penny. She entered the dark theatre and began checking every aisle, regardless of the stares, to see if her beloved was anywhere in the audience. She found his group but they told her he had left, so she walked out into the lobby and called a taxi.

Waiting in front of the movie, she was seen by several friends, one of whom recognized her and laughed out loud. "What are you doing out here, Janet?" "Nothing, nothing," Janet said as she smiled.

The taxi finally came and the poor wino beside her in the back seat could not take his eyes off this peculiar specimen. She brushed him brusquely away when his hands attempted to discover the truth of the matter.

Janet told her taxi-driver to go to Gary's address, but when they arrived the

house looked dark and deserted and so she asked defeatedly that the cabbie return her to the student union. There she got out and paid her fare, dropping one of the borrowed gloves in the process.

By this time the earlier energy had vanished and she wondered if she didn't look like a veritable buffoon, and what would Gary think if he saw her now?

With her face full of humiliation, she thought that there was one slim chance, that perhaps Gary was somewhere in the student union. She began removing her ludicrous costume as she paced toward the back hall which led to a small study room where Gary frequently studied. Her feminine instinct was correct, and she almost ran into Gary as she turned the corner.

"Well, hello! What are you doing here?" he asked, surprised suddenly by this coed he had only recently begun to know.

"I was looking for you," Janet replied with disarming candor. "Where have you been?"

Gary explained that he had passed up the movie and had spent most of his night in the library. He had happened to drop by the union, he said, for some books and that was why she had nearly bumped into him.

Janet's fire was beginning to crackle and flare with the fuel of Gary's tall slim physique. She was so attracted to him, she felt. She felt it could be nothing but love. Was there any other word for it?

The two walked back to the study room and sat down. There the conversation started to unwind like a ball of twine dragged willy-nilly by a cat. They would talk for minutes at a time, hearing each word but not a thing the other was saying. Janet could not get her eyes off Gary's eyes, but Gary seemed unwilling to show any enthusiasm in return for her vivacity. When she ended her amusing story of the evening's exploit and how she had circled the town dressed as a hobo in a taxi looking for his room, he looked befuddled, rather piqued. He said, "Why?"

Of course, Janet couldn't answer the question, or at least she couldn't tell him the answer that was pounding in her skull. She made up every kind of reason to explain her antics. "I'm crazy... Just wanted some fun.. Why not?..I

thought you'd get a kick out of it..." and other evasive half-truths.

Gary shifted his weight to the long elbow that he rested on the table and said calmly, "Janet, you try too hard."

It was like a blow on the cheek. "Try too hard? Try too hard?' What kind of comment was that, for heaven's sake?" she thought. He had handed it down like a petulant judge but it was a verdict she didn't deserve. It was blasphemy. How could anyone "try too hard" who loved with the fervor that she loved Gary Livingston?

She had no comeback. As during all moments of great import, words failed. And she realized the night was long since gone. Now she had pride to think about. She gathered her things from the table, rose, and told Gary she supposed she would see him later, that she had to go back to the dorm. He seemed content enough with this decision and walked with her as far as civility required. In an emotional stupor she bade goodnight to the pre-law genius who sauntered off unperturbed by another dull evening.

Two years passed and Janet Delany was still in school. On a particular evening she wore a gauze blouse and an overabundance of Wind Song to the third floor of the library and at 10 p.m. found herself sitting among the ruins of English essays and French homework. Old thoughts crowded in to postpone her projects for a few more minutes. She remembered the decision to stop wanting any and everything, to quit trying so hard that her friends laughed at her harried pursuit of people she was convinced she loved. She remembered the night she made a commitment to herself to walk undisturbed in delicate necklaces, impregnable to flighty passion, no matter who walked by. She felt she had to win the struggle. She could not bear the thought of having to knock everyone in the head to pay attention to her. Knowing how clever she herself was at following up leads, she knew full well that if some stranger took a notion he could easily find her-that is, if he truly wanted her company. She would make them all come to her. That was what she had said after Gary Livingston.

The bright flash of an eye caught her across the table. He was thumbing through a bound periodical guide, but his

eyes had jumped in her direction and she caught his glance. It was unmistakably a look of mutual admiration. He looked ready enough to speak, but as if out of fear of scaring her by uncustomary warmth he hesitated. He sought refuge once more in the book.

Janet's quenched desires sprang up in full flame like the drenched sticks of the Old Testament prophet. She wanted to continue reading nonchalantly but her head was spinning. Stop it, she told herself, stop it right now. Nothing will come of it, anyway. So why don't you quit wasting time and do something that will count, like this stupid French assignment.

It was hopeless. Her studying was finished. She knew the only escape was to leave as quickly as possible and retire to the dormitory where perhaps she could get her mind on her books and forget about fleeting faces that looked sweet but promised nothing substantial. But, oh, what she would give for a nice word, a nuance even.

She loaded her books in a bag, slung the strap across her shoulder, pushed her chair in and headed for the closest exit from the room. All the way she wondered if he cared enough to look at her. I'll never see him again. I'm a fool, I know. If anyone could read my mind, what a fool they would think I was! She berated herself the whole way home.

Consequently she didn't see the stranger at the library suddenly relinquish his hold on the book and grab his notebook and pen. She didn't see him leave looking this way and that for a dark silhouette perhaps walking across the quad until far ahead he saw her figure. She didn't see him drop behind so that he could follow unnoticed until she disappeared into a gigantic dormitory, lighted like a crystal hotel. She didn't see him note the place so he could walk back the next day.



In the Hot Summer

In the hot summer I retreat to my shady pool of Thought.

And for a while I am no longer a suntanned teenager with too big feet, But a voluptuous mermaid with golden hair, Swimming in my private Atlantis.

And then I remember— To mow the lawn.

-Elizabeth Duggar

Florida

You make me feel sea swelling
gull climbing hot wind
soothing contrasting solid water fluid sand
You make me see old moon, gold and grey; purple sky
low horizon rising falling rising
living gently changing changing
You are deep and make me fall
You are far and yet I hear.

Marietta Caldwell

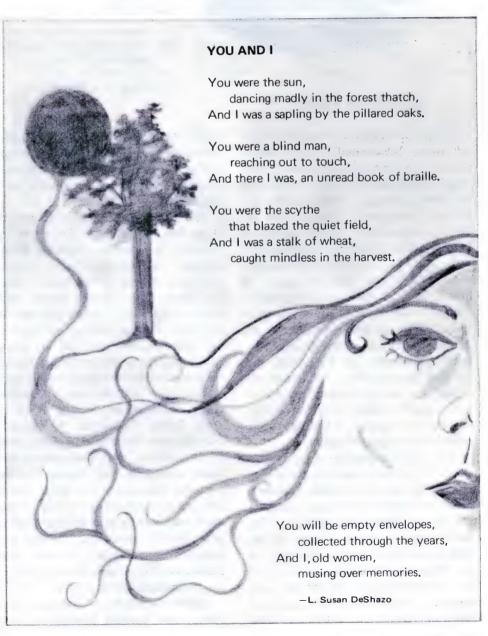
Disguises

we've arrived too late again:
the sun/ a yellow crab/
already claws at the sky
and the bell/
the one from which we stole
the clapper
melted it down
and made hooks
to use as hands
has been repaired.
we could hear it far up the road.

we've arrived too late: denise/ having wrapped herself tightly in a robe as if her body were just any piece of meat/ already has the coffee on. our masks lie beside our plates as innocent as napkins.

we've arrived far too late: nothing here is naked nothing has been revealed.

-A. J. Wright



PROFESSIONALS



IN PROOF

AUBURN'S STATE TOXICOLOGY LAB

Rare tented arch print, courtesy of Randy White's finger.

Photos by Roy Adams

By Pam Minor

When I accepted the assignment to do this article, I discovered that the average student has some strange ideas about what a toxicology lab is and what it does. In spite of being an average, normally rational individual, I half-expected to find an odd-smelling building populated by ghoulish people attired in white coats with tubes dangling from their pockets, weaving their way through stacks of bodies. Most of my friends expressed a "How morbid! But-tell me if you see a body," attitude. During my visit to the Auburn laboratory of the State of Alabama Department of Toxicology and Criminal Investigation, I discovered two things: our conceptions were quite erroneous, and the Auburn laboratory facility is the oldest segment of the oldest state crime lab system in the nation.

The state headquarters of the Department of Toxicology and Criminal Investigation is located in the Auburn lab, which stands on Wire Road across from the School of Veterinary Medicine. The Auburn facility serves as home to the state toxicologist, Dr. C. J. Rehling, and the two assistant directors, Carlos Rabren and Vann Pruitt. The lab, as the name indicates, concentrates both on toxicology—the study of poisons and their

effects upon the body—and on criminalistics—the examination, identification, and interpretation of physical evidence, whether the evidence is a boot or a corpse.

The Auburn lab is one of the five regional labs in the state: the others are located in Birmingham, Huntsville, Montgomery, and Mobile. Taylor Noggle, laboratory director of the Auburn facility, describes the regional labs as "fullservice laboratories providing service in the areas of death investigation, toxicology, criminalistics, and drug identification." In addition, the Auburn laboratory has a documents examiner, who identifies the author of written evidence. The five satellite laboratories, located in Enterprise, Selma, Tuscaloosa, Jacksonville, and Florence, function only in the areas of criminalistics, drug identification, and blood alcohol analysis. Having ten labs scattered throughout the state ensures that no law enforcement officer in Alabama will be more than an hour's driving time from a laboratory. The labs can therefore receive more evidence more quickly and better assist law enforcement and the criminal justice system.

Alabama's impressive system of toxicology and criminal investigation labs



Lab Director Taylor Noggle shows "Big Foot," a size 14 boot-print, physical evidence in one case.

developed from a very modest beginning. Before the 1930's no facilities for the scientific examination of evidence existed in Alabama, or in many other states. Controversial trials, such as that of Bruno Hauptman in the Lindbergh kidnapping



Enlarged handwriting sample. Lamar Miller, documents examiner, often works in cases involving forged checks, suicide notes, and threatening letters.

and that of the Scottsboro Boys, in which there was little or no scientific examination of evidence, brought to light the need for crime laboratories throughout the nation. In 1933 Dr. Rehling and the late H. W. Nixon, an Auburn graduate who later became Alabama's first state toxicologist, began plans to establish a crime laboratory system in Alabama. In 1935 the State of Alabama Department of Toxicology and Criminal Investigation was established by an act of the state legislature. The lab "was established in the midst of a depression with an appropriation of \$8600," Mr. Noggle noted, and was located in what is now the Ross Chemical Engineering Building on the Auburn University campus. Dr. Rehling and Mr. Nixon were joined by the late Dr. Herman Jones, an Auburn graduate and faculty member, in beginning the lab's operation. (Dr. Jones was later instrumental in establishing what is today the Georgia Crime Laboratory. His widow, June Jones, an Auburn alumna, came to the Auburn lab from the Georgia lab, and is now toxicology section supervisor.) In the past 42 years Alabama's crime lab system has grown from a single laboratory in Auburn with three employees to an efficient statewide system of wellstaffed and well-equipped labs.

The Auburn laboratory employs approximately fourteen technical experts and a secretarial staff of six. Most of the technical employees have a bachelor's degree in chemistry or a closely-related science such as pharmacy or medical technology, and many have a master's or doctorate. The facility employs no one totally involved in investigation. "We are not investigators," Mr. Noggle stated. Nor are toxicologists and criminalists miracle workers, as television programs such as Hawaii Five-O suggest. Mr. Noggle explained, "We can't just take a fingerprint, run it through a computer, and instantly produce a suspect, if for no other reason than the inadequate fingerprint files available. We are merely scientists involved with the examination of physical evidence and deriving information from that evidence."

Circuit judges, district attorneys, and law enforcement agencies may request the assistance of the laboratories; the labs may also cooperate with the Department of Agriculture and Industries or the state veterinarian. "We work very closely with law enforcement agencies," Mr. Noggle stated, "but we are non-biased in our evaluations." The labs accept evidence from a defense attorney just as they accept evidence from police

officers. However, usually little evidence is given to the labs by defense attorneys, for they are rarely at the scene of a crime. By the time defense attorneys are usually hired or appointed, the evidence has already been delivered to the lab.

After the evidence has been processed, employees of the state crime lab often appear in court; they are considered expert witnesses. An expert witness is a person whose training, experience, and education qualify him, in the opinion of the court, to assist the jury in making a finding on some subject on which they would not be knowledgeable. Only expert witnesses may answer hypothetical questions. Employees of the state labs may also present physical evidence such as photographs, ballistics tests, and fingerprint comparisons during their court appearances.

The Alabama crime lab system expects to process between 16,000 and 17,000 cases this year. This volume of cases seems overwhelming at first glance, but some types of cases require much less time than others. A marijuana case which involves only one exhibit does not take long to process, but a death investigation consumes a great deal of time. The normal autopsy in the Auburn lab requires between three and four hours. In addition, physical evidence produced during the autopsy must be examined, so as much as a week may be required to process only one case involving a large volume of evidence. Processing time is different for each type of case, and for each individual case.



One man's loss, another's gain? Taylor Noggle inspects marijuana plant.



Dan Avery, toxicologist, chats with "friend," an unidentified skeleton found near Auburn.

Drug cases constitute almost fifty percent of the case loads of the Alabama labs. Vegetable material, tablets, capsules, liquids, and other materials are analyzed to determine the presence of some prohibited substance. Blood samples and other forms of body-related physical evidence are also examined for the presence of drugs. Toxicologists use much elabor-

ate laboratory equipment and many sophisticated scientific techniques, yet extensive drug analysis is not always easy. A number of drugs, including marijuana, are extremely difficult to detect in the human body. Toxicologists must identify what drug is present, the amount, and be able to apply professional expertise to offer opinions as to the drug's



If a suspect has recently fired a gun the spectrophotometer can detect it. Dr. John McDuffie, criminalistics section supervisor, explains the instrument used to check swabs of suspect's hands.



Test-firing to check bullet markings. Dr. John McDuffie fires into a metal perforated basket. Bullet markings may pinpoint the murder weapon.

possible effects; they must express their judgment as to whether the drug present in the determined amount could impair an individual's driving ability, cause death, or otherwise affect his actions.

Death investigations receive more public attention than any other type of case handled by the department. An estimated 500 to 700 body cases will be processed in Alabama this year. Before an autopsy or post-mortem examination may be performed in one of the state labs, there must be a substantial belief that foul play was involved. The lab performs the autopsy only after receiving the authorization of a district attorney. Auburn is the only state laboratory with a morgue facility; the other labs perform autopsies in funeral homes. Although the labs have someone on call around-theclock, a body may be partially embalmed before examination if the workload has been extremely heavy.

Two of the first steps in a death investigation are visual examination and photographing of the body. Next the autopsy is performed, with careful examination in order to derive as much information as possible. Much evidence may be derived from even a straight-forward case such as a death from a single gunshot wound to the heart. The projectile may be collected, the wound examined to de-

termine the point of entry and the point of exit if the bullet passed through the body, and the area around the wound searched for powder particles whose presence would indicate a close range attack. Mr. Noggle explained that "Which way did that bullet come from?" is one of the most important questions to be answered. This question, of course, is the crux of much of the controversy surrounding the assassination of John F. Kennedy. As Mr. Noggle explained, "We use an interpretation of the wound itself in making a determination of what actually took place."

The state labs frequently process hitand-run cases. Much information can be derived from this type of case. For example, an examination of the body can indicate whether the victim was standing up or lying down at the time of the accident. If a person was standing when hit, the legs around the knees will probably be dislocated and broken, and the skull may be cracked open by the impact against the pavement. Occasionally a person will become intoxicated and will lie down in a road; when this occurs, especially when it occurs at night, a driver can run over an individual without realizing he has run over a person. The information gathered by the toxicology lab



Ted Hudson, criminalist, uses a comparison microscope to check the markings of bullets to see if they were fired from the same gun.

could save an innocent driver much trouble in such case. In addition, the victim's clothing would be examined for



Laura Shevlin, toxicologist, uses a gas chromatograph to determine blood alcohol content.

chips of paint, fragments of glass, and flakes of chrome; the car, if recovered, would be examined for hair and blood. Skid marks, another type of physical evidence, would indicate that the driver tried to stop when he saw that he was going to hit someone. These and other forms of evidence would be pieced together to try to reconstruct what actually happened.

One of the more bizarre body cases in which the Alabama crime labs were involved occurred in the 1950's. A woman was accused of poisoning seven or eight members of her family over a twelve-year period. One of the woman's husbands (she had been widowed several times) was diagnosed as having arsenic poisoning. A person may die of arsenic poisoning without ever really knowing that he has been poisoned, for the symptoms may duplicate very closely the symptoms of some pathological disease. A police investigation went back and examined the earlier deaths of some of the woman's relatives, and a series of exhumations was begun. Since arsenic will remain in the hair, bones, and fingernails for extremely long periods, toxicologists were able to conduct analyses to determine whether the

deceased individuals had had an elevated

level of arsenic. The information derived from the physical evidence indicated that the woman had been slowly poisoning her family; she was tried and convicted.

Although the evidence of arsenic in a body may be present for a long time, some substances may disappear quickly without a trace. For example, if someone died from drinking methyl or wood alcohol, the alcohol would be metabolized to formaldehyde and formic acid. Since embalming fluid is formaldehyde, all evidence of methyl alcohol might be masked if the body had been embalmed. "In a case of this nature," Mr. Noggle stated, "handling the physical evidence so that we can derive the most information from it is an important aspect of what we do."

At the end of the interview, I felt it incumbent to ask the obvious questions: "Doesn't it ever get to be too much? Doesn't your job ever get to be a bit too gory and gruesome?" Mr. Noggle replied, "We look at it from the standpoint of scientists; we know that there are facts to be derived from this physical evidence, and we proceed into our jobs with open minds and derive the facts as best we possibly can."



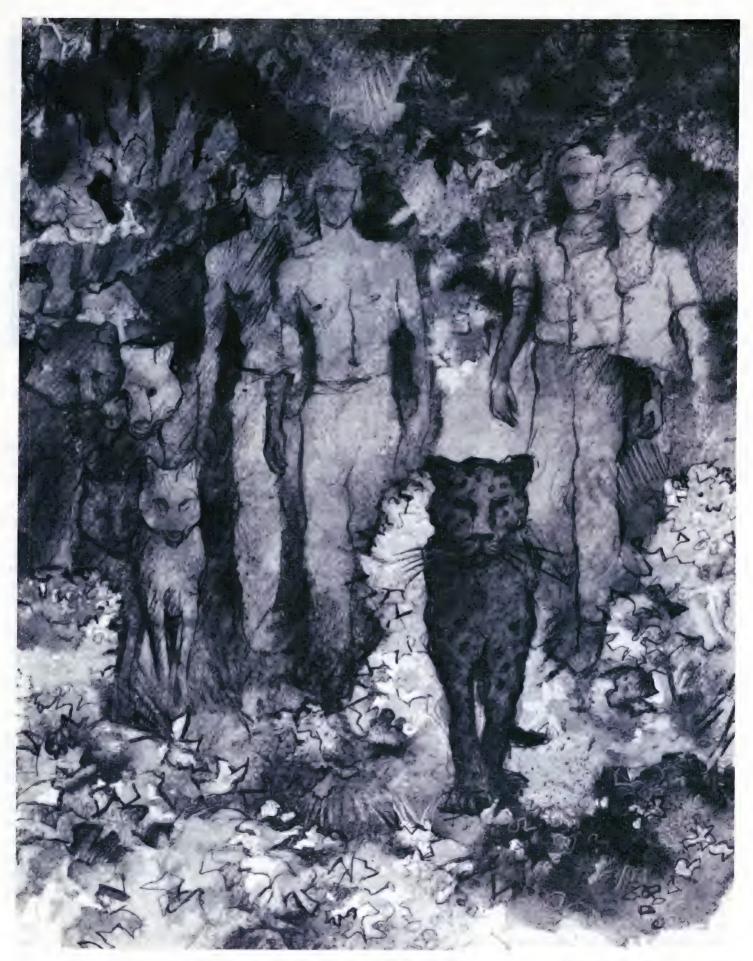


Illustration by Rhea Humphries

BAGHEERA

FICTION By Payton Van Zant

Panther changing black to gray
In the ever drawing day.
Standing closer, striding on
To an ever growing stone.
Is it true the stone will change?
Is the promise really strange?
Panther take one long life's breath
For the stone you see is death.

The two years following the massacre of the Gaardin Tribe were good years in the jungle and perhaps the third was also good. I have wondered before but hind-sight has proven it good.

Bagheera had slacked during those years. He no longer killed. I killed for him, but he ran in the hunt and he ran in the Time of New Talk.

He had returned from his spring runs that very night we spoke.

"I will die soon," he grunted.

"Die?" I said, resting against the den wall. "We'll all die sooner or later."

"I will die sooner," laughed the panther. Even in the night's darkness I could see the frostiness which had recently silvered his coat.

"Are you being morbid for any reason?"

"You know the way of the jungle. I must make ready against death as I make ready against the Time of New Talk. I am old. I wish Mowgli were here." Then I knew that he was serious. With no hesitation, I scrambled from the den and whistled shrilly for Chil. When I heard the reply, I called for him to go to the House of Massua and tell Mowgli to come as fast as possible.

"Haa," laughed the panther. "You are wise in most matters, but concerning death you have much to learn. I am not ill and will not die until it's my turn, but I am glad that Mowgli will be here. While we wait I will tell you of my life. It must seem short to you but I have lived far longer than most panthers and few run on their last Time of the New Talk as I have.

"Sit down. I will eat nothing tonight."

So I sat before him as he seemed to strain to remember every detail of his life, to catch every touch of flavor. The luster of his eyes which age had blotted out flashed back as he started.

"Yes. The cages of Oodeypore were big. I cannot remember my mother. Royalty nursed me as a cub as if I were their own—from a bottle!" The panther laughed explosively. "The games they played! And I am the panther, son of royalty! The women would scratch my chest and I would bite their arms—tenderly, of course. But then I was little more than a cub. And after I grew, even to my present size, I wore a collar studded with great rubies and sapphires and emeralds. There is a bald stripe around my neck to this day.

"Even though I never knew the jungle in Oodeypore I never stopped wanting it. I watched for mistakes my keepers might make—the collar loosely bound, an open door, and there was none so I made one.

"I knew one night that I could not stay among man, so I broke the lock—it only took one blow.

"There was too much of man between Oodeypore and the Wainganga. Man tried to kill me but I had learned to live. The keepers of Oodeypore had taught me the hunt

"When I came to the jungle, it knew that I was Bagheera!

"But I always remember Oodeypore--Man!"

The panther's eyes stared in deep thought; then he slid over beside me. My eyes were closed.

I felt the rasplike tongue slap across my hand and I scratched his head.

"Awrh!" Bagheera sighed. "My love is so meager."

"No matter," I groaned looking down at him. "You are Bagheera. You can be no more and no less."

"Awrh!" I thought I saw pride in his smile and his green eyes lit brightly.

"The panthers of this jungle," continued Bagheera, "knew nothing of a black panther, but though they wouldn't follow me at first, they could not beat me. No one stole my kill!

"Then there was Akela, with whom I shared my kills.

"I saw Council Rock first. I had heard of it from Akela many times before, when I caught the scent of a great gathering of wolves and I followed it.

"It was a time of Looking Over and Akela was not yet the leader of the Free People. From afar I heard the call of 'Look well, O Wolves,' and when I approached Council Rock they looked very well indeed.

"As they thought on whether to attack or fall back, I ran before them and called 'Stay still, O Free People! I am Bagheera! Who am I that you should protect yourselves from me? Know well that I could easily kill five of you at once but I have no wish to do so. My own people, the panthers, will not accept me; I thought that I would run with you as ally.'

"I cannot remember the arguments they were great—but I was accepted and afterwards the whole jungle knew me as their master as surely as you are now my master."

"Why am I your master?" I asked.

"Because-you are stronger," returned the panther.

"But you could kill me with one strike of your paw."

"Your strength is in your eyes."

"You've had chances when I wasn't looking."

"But your eyes tell me that you are my master."

"And was Mowgli Shere Khan's master? Mowgli's eyes are the same."

"No. He was evil."

"But why do you consider me your master? I don't even consider myself your master!"

He looked up at me, though I knew that his eyes avoided mine. "Because I love you."

"No greater love could I wish from my brother," I answered.

With that, Bagheera laid his head in the crook of my left arm and I rubbed it with my right hand.

I was awakened rather abruptly by a

"Demon!" I roared jovially. "Naw! I'm no Rakasha. I'm a man! I'm just wondering what you are. Men are meat eaters."

"Man should not kill. It's a sin."

"Is it a sin for a wolf to kill a deer to eat? What about Bagheera here?"

"Shiv, who gave each animal its own kind of food, gave the wolves the right to kill. He gave the panther the same right."

"Then that absolves Mowgli here. He is counted as a wolf and I am counted as one of the Free People like Bagheera, so I am also justified." The Indian frowned in puzzlement as I popped another chunk of venison in my mouth.

"Mowgli," I asked, "who is this person?"

"He is a priest of Brahma."

"Oh!" I smiled, standing. "Then out of respect for your position I will refrain from allowing Bagheera here to take his just right of eating you and I will explain to you my position. But first tell me where you are going."

"I go to visit the temple in Bhopal."

"Bhopal! That's a long way by road. You will be our guest. We will guide you through the jungle."

"The jungle. But that would be fool-, hardy!"

I smiled. "No harm will come to you so long as you're with us. Just let me finish eating and we will go."

"I can't watch you mangle the deer."
"Then turn your head."

"You said you would explain," reminded the Brahmin as we trudged the jungle trail.

"Sure," I returned. "Bagheera here is Lord of the Jungle and he goes on his last run to his birthplace."

"Lord of the Jungle?" gasped the Brahmin with awe.

"One of the Lords," I corrected. "I'm an American. I visited the jungle once and Bagheera saved my life. I came back to the jungle and became the third Lord of the Jungle."

"Third?"

"Mowgli is above me. Of course, Hathi is the Lord above the Lords."

"You are of the jungle?"

Mowgli explained. "I was raised by Raksha, the she-wolf. She was my mother

and I am one of the Seeownee wolf pack."

"Then you are truly blessed of Shiv."
"Shiv!" I shouted, "What is Shiv? I know no Shiv."

"Shiv is god."

"Shiv is a nonexistent god. There is no Shiv."

The Brahmin gasped in horror.

"Man, if I did believe in God, which I don't, I wouldn't believe in Shiv. Shiv is an evil god. Is it better to starve people to death than to stab them through the heart? It's ten times more painful. You are a self-righteous hypocrite."

"What do you mean?"

"I mean that there is a colony of people near Raipur who have done nothing wrong except to be born to parents without caste and they eat dirt while you keep a respectable distance and your Shiv has washed their brains until they won't even eat the sambur I kill and take to them. You and your Shiv are killing them."

The holy man settled into an indignant silence.

The next day was a day of fasting to the Brahmin, but the Lords of the Jungle fast only for the hunt. But we took the time to teach him the edible plants of the jungle. There was no chance of getting him to eat meat.

We passed the Norbada River and the mountains on the other side on the third day and were close to Bhopal.

"Where does the panther go?" asked the Brahmin.

"Oodeypore. He was born in the palaces."

"I would go with you."

"What about the temple in Bhopal?"

"You shook my belief in Shiv. I do not wish to serve him any longer."

"Then go where you wish, but you can't go with us."

The holy man was dumbfounded. "But I wish to follow you, to learn from you."

"The Lords of the Jungle are lone hunters. That's what makes them Lords of the Jungle. When Bagheera dies, the Wainganga Jungle will have only two Lords. We are not guides. Find your own way. I said Bagheera is on his last run and we have slowed only to give you safe passage through the jungle. From Bhopal we

will run to Oodeypore. You could not keep up."

The Brahmin was on the verge of weeping.

"We will meet again," I assured him. He was a young priest. "Search for God and when you find him, come to the Wainganga and tell me."

We left the Brahmin in Bhopal and I indeed saw him again forty years later and he had found his place under the guidance of a man called Mahatma Gandhi and he told me of a man called Buddha.

From Bhopal we ran to the place then called Vdaipur, startling many pilgrims on their way to the holy river Ganges. This was understandable, since, although Mowgli and I were very fond of Bagheera's smile and voice, other humans were wholly horrified.

All Indians avoided us, not wishing to take the chance of brushing against one of a different caste and neither Mowgli nor I had any of the distinguishing markings. But, though none of the residents of Vdaipur were friendly, they were not hostile either. Without incident we reached the huge palace which was our goal. Fine mosaics and mosques accented the beautiful gleaming marble walls.

Of course, there was a guard.

The panther smiled and nodded, satisfied. "Within the week I will die here."

"You sound happy," I snapped.

"Am I not supposed to be?" he puzzled.

Mowgli informed me that it was the way of the Jungle. Animals were naturally elated at death.

The guard was in stiff form. "You wish entrance?"

"Yes. I would like to see the maharajah."

"What is your business?"

"This panther was born here. He has returned to die."

The startled man dropped out of form. "What do you mean?"

"He is dying," explained Mowgli. "He was born in the prince's cages."

"And how can you know?"

I nodded understandingly. "We have lived with him in the jungle for many years. We know his ways. Send a message rough jostling at my shoulder. Opening my eyes I groaned, "Oh, Mowgli. Give me a second." As my eyes adapted to the daylight, I saw that Mowgli was smiling broadly.

"Why are you so happy?" I asked, moving toward the mouth of the den.

"My wife has just two days ago had a child—a boy!"

I sighed, "That's good. Bagheera really wants to know your heir."

"You don't look so happy."

"Bagheera has felt death. He says he won't run at the Time of the New Talk again."

Mowgli's mouth dropped open. "Is he ill?"

"He says not."

The Indian sighed. "Then I guess it's just time. He'll be happy about my son." His sudden change from shock to non-chalance shocked me.

"Listen," I replied. "I don't think he's kidding. I think he might really be dying."

"I'm not surprised," he returned, then seeing my puzzlement, said, "Oh, I see. I keep forgetting that you are an American! Death is a little thing in the jungle."

"You have more faith than I do about the afterlife."

"Afterlife? I know nothing about that, but death I've seen."

"I guess the jungle hardens you to such things," I sighed.

"The jungle?" Mowgli asked. "I believe most Indian people feel the way I do."

This shocked further. I had just realized that I had been in the Indian jungle for six years and I knew almost nothing about India itself.

I finally decided to end that topic and said, "Will you stay until sundown?"

"I will be here for a good while now."

"Then come in and sleep now and we'll hunt tonight."

That evening I had to wake Bagheera, and, after he shook himself, he looked at us and purred, "I would make one last running. Would you come?"

"Sure!" I answered. "I'm ready for a kill. Where do you want to run?"

"To Oodeypore."

"What?" That's over five hundred miles away!"

"I have the time," he returned. "Mowgli, would you go?"

"Yes. But I would, also, that you see my son before you die."

"Your son! Heir of the jungle? I will go there first."

So we left immediately and killed and ate before we reached the House of Massua in the morning.

Mowgli's brother, Akim, now fourteen years old and looking as though he were full grown, was up and about his chores when he saw us step from the forest.

"Good hunting!" he howled, now being well learned in the tongue of the Free People.

"Good hunting," Mowgli returned in a yelp. "How are you brother?"

"Well. You have come back soon this time."

"Bagheera," who now stood together, "wished to see my son. We are now on his last run."

"Last run," growled Akim thoughtfully, "but I have just come to where I could talk to him."

"Akim, even I cannot change the law of death."

"Little matter," grunted the younger Indian. "May you be blest in your last run. Perhaps you will remember me in your next body."

Mowgli snuffed at this. He did not believe in karma.

"Then let us go in," suggested Akim. "The others will be up." He walked to the hut door which was standing open and yelled in an Indian tongue, "Mowgli has returned!"

As we followed, Laura rushed from the building and into Mowgli's arms, crying that she missed him too much. Then she stared questioningly at me. "Bao?" she asked in English.

I laughed. "I guess I have changed."

"I only saw you for a few hours before you left." She remembered my leaving for the jungle four years before. "But Mowgli has spoken of you often."

I nodded and Massua appeared in the door drying her hands frantically and cried in Indian, "Oh Mowgli! You come while I have my hands in water! Come in! Bao, Bagheera! Come in, too!"

As we entered, Mowgli expalined. "We will stay the day but we must leave at

night. We are on a run. Bagheera wishes to go back to Oodeypore before he dies and he feels that he must die soon. He wanted to see my son first."

"Bagheera? Dying!" cried the young woman. Then she knelt before the panther and rubbed his head. "I've only just met you." Of course, he didn't understand her human words but he enjoyed her attention to the point of imitating a human kiss to her mouth.

"And I might speed his demise," growled Mowgli in Hindi, "if he gets too close to my wife."

"Oh Mowgli!" Laura snapped, "the panther meant nothing."

"As you said, you've just met him." Before night fell, Mowgli and I were acting as interpreters.

Laura, as Englishwomen will, made too much of a fuss at our departure and we started into a jungle which, among us three, only Bagheera knew.

The hunting was sparse as the jungle was more populated by man after we crossed the Wainganga near Nainpur. Because of this, we stayed without kill until we had crossed the river near Seownee. There we killed a stag crossing a small road and sat to eat it in the dawn.

I sliced the skin and muscles from around the knee joint and pried the hind leg from the deer's body and went to work salvaging the edible parts as Mowgli performed a similar operation and Bagheera was tearing into the belly.

As I carved out a chunk of the leg muscle and bit into it, a man wearing a long yellow robe appeared in the bend of the road below.

When he spotted us, he ran to a point about twenty feet away and screamed, "Wait! Don't do that. Stop, brother, don't blaspheme so!"

I looked up. "What are you talking about?"

"You've killed a deer. It's against the gods."

"You mean you don't eat meat?"

"No!" he snapped indignantly.

"Then you're not my brother. You're an entirely different creature. I'm a meateater."

"Are you Rakasha?"

I turned to Mowgli. "Rakasha? I don't know the word. Mowgli, are we Rakasha?"

"I have been called a Rakasha. I believe your word is demon."

to the prince that Bagheera might return to the cages. It is a dying request."

The guard was stunned but finally recovered his motion and sent the message. When he returned, he acknowledged, "The prince thinks you madmen."

"Then he doesn't allow us to go in?"
"Oh, you can go in. The prince likes strange people."

So we went in to the court of the prince at Vdaipur. We slept in his guest rooms and ate at his feast tables for a week.

One day, as we sat in the throne room, the maharajah had moved three gemstudded thrones in so that we could accompany him. I was startled out of introspection by a shout from my side.

I glanced at the panther at my right who was gazing at some indefinitely distant point before him. "Mowgli! Bao! Arowoow! Look! It's Baloo and Akela. They're calling me. Look!"

"Where!" I grunted in shock.

"There, there! Can't you see? Goodbye, Brothers. They call me. Jungle favor go with you. Good hunting."

The vision grows with age. I glanced before the panther and I seemed to fall into some hypnotic trance. I saw a green land, a bear, a wolf, and a black panther and when I looked back, Bagheera lay quite still. I would not soon see him again.



Photography by Connie Formby

Girl at Night

So much beauty for my undelight—
That girl by the light green fern.
And I stare out the window on a summer night,
Wet head turbaned from a long shampoo.

During which I concluded I was tired of being me.
Anyone would do
If I could be them
And they could love you.

So I left the bathtub
With a yellow ring,
Went dripping down a tile aisle
With hair wet, streaming
Towel from a veil, parting
With the breeze.

Dropping to the bed's edge, Twirling my toweled head Into a turban; a swami, Forgotten his tune,

The trees are tall black men.
And the window darkens
from the outside in.
You not heard in this house anymore;
me not existing since then.

Molly Harper

Rain Tonight

Rain tonight

the soft misting kind that soaks the air in spring no pattering symphony—only a prolonged grey sigh the same rain that blended with your breathing

and the cat's purring and my heart's beating to make the night sound.

i sleep alone this spring remembering the line of your back in darkness remembering anything to fill the spaces

> until day comes until summer comes and you come home to me.

Where you are did it rain tonight?

J. Holmes

Watching From There Below

Watching from there below
The lapping, lapping patchwork seas,
She nestles
Beneath flowing saltine sheets,
Beside broken keresole bedposts.
"A bed, at last," she bubbles,
Bubbles. . . .

Rubbles drowned by the barge tugs of

Bubbles drowned by the barge-tugs churning white The Sound's bedcovers.

Mark Willis



Sketch By Betty Boswell

That green summer of our unreasonable hope and unyielding expectations Shirley and I were working for United Parcel Service unloading tractor trailers. "Seventy pounds maximum that's all we have to lift," we said. We said, "All it takes is will," as we heaved the boxes high from under the trailer flaps pushing with our knees or reached for boxes higher than our heads, bringing them down barely balanced with hard cathumps on the rollers.

When the sort was over, we dragged our wet bodies proudly from the hub. We were shorter than the rest of the help, but as determined as clenched teeth to prove our worth as small people, as women. We were chilled from the night air on our sweaty clothes by the time we reached the car. We took turns driving, one night Shirley's 383 Road Runner and the next day my brand new Camaro. I gloated as we hopped in my car and was so careful in pulling up the the trays at Parkette Drive-in at the end of Mercer Road whereon the UPS hub sat.

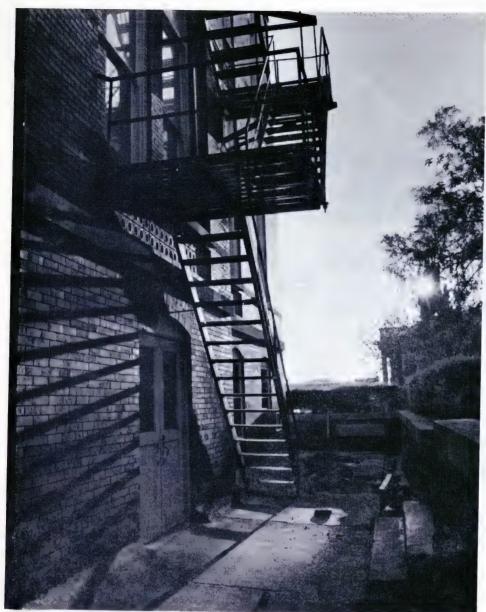
Parkette was a haven, a regular oasis. Reaching it marked the end of the night's work, our resignation at not having time to cook, and our first talk and planning session of the day. We smiled at one another as I turned off the engine, laughing at the dirt on our faces and dingy boobs and pushing our salty bangs out of our eyes. We ordered the hugest glasses of lemonade they had and I had a large water besides. Food didn't matter as much as the drink, but it was always good and cheap. We drank like camels and leisurely popped french fries in our mouths. "What was the volume tonight anyway?" "I don't know. It felt like 30,000." "I got to unload two greeting card trucks tonight." "Boy, were you lucky. My first truck had big, heavy pieces of metal and car parts, and a lot of matches and Dr. Scholl's shoes." "Don't feel bad. I had an Avon truck. I'll never buy Avon cologne again. Why do they have to pile so much in one box?"

Thus our conversation began. Next we compared injuries—bruises, mashed fingers, and cuts, friendly games of one-upmanship. A car with a couple of decent

or indecent looking guys usually pulled into Parkette while we were talking. I'd grin and try to look sexy. Shirley laughed. It wasn't easy looking sexy as dirty as I was. That usually made a change in our conversation. "Want to go to Stingles tonight?" "You better believe it Look out men. Here I come." "Think Roger will be there?" "If he's not, I'll beat him out of the house for you." Here we talked about how fast we could get ready, what we'd wear, and which fellow employees we would tantalize at the local hangout that night.

Often we saw hard times at Stingles. The guys would go for chicks with fewer bruises, or nobody we knew would be there, but, when we sat at Parkette, winking at boys in the next car, ready to rush home and clean up and go out to Stingles, we were never more self-confident. The navy sky and gold sunset toward the hub was a good omen. The summer night held warmth and hope. How often I think of two dirty scrounges sitting at Parkette drive-in ready to give the world hell and remember Shirley and Parkette with love.





Photography by Will Dickey

Regeneration

Only this morning I walked slowly away from monolithic monsters of white, just before the crowding grey skies of a southwestern storm, and, strangely enough, heard whispers from that priest who had been poet now dead some seventy years.

He must have molded his new words from such early morning walks and his bright submission to unseen things. I myself would claim no way with words, but I remain their pleasant captive.

Small insignificances maintain a certain gentleness when winds howl suddenly from the west.

I saw the city brace itself in the small green courtyards behind the old houses, in the magnolia branches trimming old streets, in the ivy which steals its way over broken brick.

Bright green moss held the hexagons of my sidewalk intact, and yes! wisteria and stained glass.

My pen has idled some two years, but talk late at night with sweet and gentle people stirred me!

I will (please, God!) walk calmly again.

John Wells Warren

Picasso's Gertrude Stein

Mute buddha pausing only to pose in her salon or Picasso's studio where Pound or Djuna Barnes muses on the Spaniard's magical masks, this Portrait d'une Femme imposes solid weight on our windy world (warring planes of an unmatched face attracting profile in enigma). Hair like a wet wool cap, nose smooth as pavement on a Paris rue, mouth gently curved slightly twice like the zen master's resting bow. Such quiet music adequately proves an orchid can be shaped in steel.

-R. T. Smith

HAMIE

In my early years, Hamie Simms was the most frightening man I had ever known. He wore a dirty, mousy brown suede hat, a pair of "duck head" overalls, and some ancient army boots. On any afternoon, one could see him parked upon the splintered pine bench in front of Talley's store, with an R.C. Cola squeezed in his fat, wrinkled hand. As youngsters, we all stayed away from Talley's on those afternoons, afraid of the affectionate hugs and slobbery kisses smelling of chewing tobacco which Hamie bestowed upon any individual looking vaguely familiar.

The townspeople of Kilkare say he had been brilliant in his youth, but a blow to the head while working for the railroad during the Depression had left him a halfwit. He spent his life in an unpainted, tiny wooden shack behind his brother Doster's home. It was toward the latter years of Hamie's life that he began to look into the windows of the citizens of Kilkare. Few adults, knowing of the halfwit's harmlessness, were offended by his actions. Rather, most understood the friendly idiot's silent cry for human kindness.

- Mala Paulk



RIDING JACK ANDERSON'S MERRY-GO-ROUND

By Mark Winne

He can boast responsibility for sending several Congressmen to jail. He accused the Nixon White House of deceiving the American public before most of the country had ever heard of Watergate. Acting on scanty evidence, he accused Thomas Eagleton of a history of drunken driving offenses, adding to the barrage that resulted in the demise of Eagleton's vicepresidential candidacy. He broke the ITT-Dita Beard story and helped uncover Irving's Howard Hughesbiography hoax. The kind of stories he latches on to regularly are once-in-a-lifetime occurrences for most reporters.

He's Jack Anderson and he came to Auburn on May 9, 1977. His speech, a press conference, and exclusive *Circle* interview afford a glimpse—into his knowledge, beliefs, and, particularly, his journalistic ethics—that one cannot get even from the myriad of newspaper columns and television and radio shows that he churns our regularly.

"Most reporters in Washington, if not all, go to the people at the top and ask them what's happening," observes Anderson. "I never go to the people at the top and ask them what's happening... I tell them what's happening."

There are about 1200 presidentially-appointed people, he says, to head a bureaucracy of 2.8 million. "These 1200 people, some of them, need instructions to find the bathroom."

Such top-level bureaucrats must get their information from lower levels of the bureaucracy, and Anderson realized this. "It occurred to me a long time ago that if that's where they get their information, that's where I ought to be getting mine, and I ought not to wait for it to filter through this layer of politicians at the top, who are likely to distort it for political reasons." Perhaps therein lies the secret to his phenomenal success, the secret that has given him an investigative reporting record rivalled perhaps only by his mentor and predecessor in the syndicated "Washington Merry-Go-Round" column, the late Drew Pearson.

But that same record is interspersed with allegations of inadequate research, sensationalism, and inaccuracy. Anderson was later compelled to retract the Eagleton story, for example (though he says that retraction was not an admission of false information so much as an admission of lack of evidence).

One high-level Associated Press veteran confides that there is suspicion among the rank and file press about the Anderson style. "My criticism would be similar to my criticism of other muckrakers," he said. "Too often they don't have all the facts before they publish." But few dispute that Anderson has some impressive notches on his guns. "He's come up with some tremendous stories," conceded the AP man. "He's done some good investigative work; there's no doubt about that."

So, from the Anderson phenomenon arises an interesting question: He gives the public an insight into the corruption and blunders that occasionally occur in its government, and this is good; but in so doing, by the fast-paced, secretive, not

quite legal methods he uses to accrue his information, some say he is likely to make errors, both in fact and judgment, and that leaves a potential for awful consequences in the personal and professional lives of his victims. Does the good outweigh the bad? Do the benefits to the general public make up for the risks of injuring the individual or compromising the law?

These are difficult questions to answer. They are part of a long-raging conflict between freedom of the press on one side and individual rights and national security on the other. But Jack Anderson epitomizes the view of the free press advocate. He not only thinks journalists have the right to examine secret documents, he admits to having done so. He not only believes that a newsman's source should remain confidential, he says that he reports crimes to the FBI while sometimes withholding the name of the criminal.

So, while it may only fuel the fire of debate, a brief look at the journalistic ethics of Jack Anderson should, whether one approves of his kind or not, prove enlightening to anyone interested in a free press, national security or equal application of the law.

Why

Whatever motivates Jack Anderson has probably been motivating him for quite a while. The 54-year-old newsman has been a journalist since his youth and has been on the Merry-Go-Round column since 1947, Until 1969, though, the head of

Photography by Ruth Ann Dunn

the operation was Drew Pearson. After Pearson's death, Anderson inherited the column, and, under his guidance with a staff of eleven, it has probably suffered no loss in prestige since.

Reportedly, both supporters and detractors seem to think that Anderson, a Mormon who is said to be non-smoking and non-drinking, may be so zealous in his reporting because of his religion. At the press conference, the Circle asked him if he derives some of his zeal from his religious beliefs. "Yes, I suppose so," answered Anderson, "The Mormon philosophy is that the eternal struggle is not just between good and evil but between freedom and force," he said. "Mormons look upon such documents as the Constitution of the United States as almost a religious document because they are documents of freedom and obviously this has left an impression on me." Incidentally, he was once a Mormon missionary in nearby Sylacauga.

Anderson also perceives, he says, a responsibility to define the news. One obstacle to be overcome is secret classification of government documents. To Anderson, too often a secrecy stamp is used to cover up governmental blunder and embarrassment. "The government knows," he charges, "that it is in fact violating the whole spirit of democracy, violating the spirit of the Constitution, when they stamp secret on a document that they're trying to conceal for political reasons.

"We in the press have the responsibility of digging out those censored documents," he says. Critics, of course, raise the question of why that responsibility



lies with the press, when government is supposedly controlled by the people, but Anderson, who says he withholds stories "on a regular basis," also says he checks with the government before using secret documents.

"If I'm writing about the CIA, I go to the CIA. If I'm writing about the Pentagon, to the Pentagon. If I'm writing about the State Department, I go to the State Department. And if they have any objections to my publishing the story they state them and they say 'this is a security matter."

Anderson claims other self-imposed limitations upon himself and his staff.

"Any story that could jeopardize someone else's life I would not want to publish," states Anderson. "I don't want to be responsible for someone's death."

He said, "We stress accuracy. The problem is that there is no way when we investigate a scandal that we can know the facts that are just unavailable to us." Obviously, exclusive, up-to-the-minute investigative reporting cannot include all the facts relating to a story. Still, Anderson contends that the piece of a story gotten by him and his staff is treated much more carefully by them than by their colleagues.

In explaining the Eagleton mix-up, Anderson said that only one witness out of several, supposedly because of political pressure on their jobs, was able to support the allegations Anderson had printed. "One witness said 'yes, the story is true," said Anderson, who then stated, "I will never accept the word of one witness (presumably, as evidence for a story)." He even emphasized that he doesn't accept tips from top-level officials as truth without first attempting to verify the truth or falsity of a statement.

Even with all the talk of ethics, morals and responsibility, Anderson himself readily admits he isn't purely a moral crusader. "News can be titillating, news can be funny. It doesn't have to be a great moral thing all the time," he said.

"The Mayor of Tuscon, who was probably a good mayor—I had no reason to believe he was not...came to Washington, and got bit on the leg by a girl he was obviously fooling around with," Anderson tells.

"For a mayor to get bitten by a girl I thought was funny and I wrote a story.

Now, I don't know that it served any great moral purpose; it might have even been an injustice to the mayor. But as far as I'm concerned, if a mayor gets into a predicament where he's gonna be bitten by a girl, that's newsworthy and I'm gonna write the story."

In 1958, Anderson was reportedly caught in a hotel room with a federal investigator who was alleged to be bugging a wealthy industrialist. To the *Circle*, Anderson voiced some disapproval of wire-tapping, but indicated no reservations about taking advantage of the situation when someone else is doing the bugging.

"I wasn't bugging anybody," said Anderson of the 1958 incident, "but the federal-no...it was a Congressional investigator—was. He was eavesdropping on Bernard Goldfine." Anderson indicated the bugging was part of "the biggest scandal of the Eisenhower administration." The Goldfine-Sherman Adams scandal resulted in Adams' removal from the Eisenhower cabinet. "I had done the original investigating," Anderson recalled, "I had written the story that led to the whole thing." Consequently, Anderson said the investigator came to him for information. "When anybody comes to me for information, I don't mind cooperating, but I expect them to cooperate with me in return, and I wanted to keep on top of the story." Anderson said his group doesn't use wiretap-type tactics. "Anyone on my staff who did would be fired," the thickset, silver-gray-haired man admonished.

Where

Perhaps as intriguing as why Anderson prints what he does is the question *how* does he get it to print in the first place?

While he was in Auburn eating dinner, a woman at his table quipped that he was able to get stories from Washington cocktail parties because as a tee-totaller he was one of the few who were sober. Anderson indicated, though, that cocktail parties are not actually the most fruitful places to get government secrets. But variety is apparently characteristic of Anderson's sources. Some come forward without the approval of their boss, or another comes as a messenger for a higher-up who wants to get in good with Jack. A source may

be a military man, according to Anderson, or a civilian.

"Some like to play games," he says.

"One literally wanted to meet me at midnight in a dark alley...I don't know what kind of TV show he'd been watching," he said with a tinge of humor in his manner,"...I thought we were going to get mugged...."

Contrary to the opinions of some, Anderson contends, "We don't seek people who want personal gain and people who are disgruntled. If we know that those are their motives, we will discard them."

Of course, a potential problem for any investigative reporter is what to do when a news source turns out to have committed a crime. "It's a difficult problem," conceded Anderson to the Circle's reporter. "We've had it once or twice—where a guy came in and asked for confidentiality and then proceeded to confess to a crime." Under the law, Anderson says, one is obligated to report it. "What we have done under those conditions is try to persuade him to let us name him—which they usually won't do." Anderson

says that his organization tries not to promise confidentiality without "some idea" of what they're getting into. But, if confidentiality has been given, he says, "We stick to it." Anderson says they report the crime, then, without naming the criminal.

Anderson claims he even had a "pipeline," which he was told was presidentially-approved, into the Nixon White House. He says he had it long enough to get information for one column, a follow-up on a story about Gov. Wallace's brother, Gerald Wallace, whose law practice had, in Anderson's opinion, made suspicious gains since George Wallace took office. (Anderson's visits to Alabama in the past haven't been just as a Mormon missionary.)

"A little later I wrote a critical story about Richard Nixon and the pipeline closed." Anderson said that the Nixon people never made a deal, "but one was implied I guess." The Nixon messenger, he says, "was too smart to put it in those words or I'd have kicked him out of my office."

During his stay in Auburn, incidentally, Anderson discussed Richard Nixon at some length—and quite critically, except that he indicated that Nixon did not order the break-in, but still he thinks Nixon was involved in the cover-up.

Anderson, who admits that his former boss, Drew Pearson, had "cast the evil eye" on Nixon, had been critical of the Nixon presidency while it still functioned. He claims credit for revealing much of the Watergate saga. "I broke the first story about the hush money; I broke the first story about Operation Gemstone; and I broke the first story that H. R. Haldeman was involved; the first story that John Mitchell was involved; the first story that Richard Nixon knew nothing about the break-in, but had ordered the coverup."

Shields Himself

Anderson, who says the CIA, FBI, and White House plumbers have been used on him, praised the Carter administration for its candor, but cautioned that it was "too early to judge." He does seem impressed,



Photography by Connie Formby

though. He said that Jody Powell, after reading a Washington Post story about "the CIA's great efforts to harass and investigate" Anderson, contacted the head of the CIA and demanded to know if such things were still occurring. "He (Powell) seemed to be genuinely concerned about it," Anderson says, somewhat touched.

Anderson is personally impressive whether one thinks he's a watchdog on government or a sensationalist muckraker. He does, in addition to his column, work in radio and television, including regular appearances on ABC's AM America broadcast. He seems also to be a compendium of information on almost every topic he's questioned about.

This brief, and, of course, incomplete collection of observations only scratches the surface, perhaps, of this man, be he charlatan or saint. He spoke of journalists' having the responsibility to decide if government documents should be classified secret or not, yet he also said that news can be titillating, rather than of

great moral value. Does conflict exist here? Does conflict exist in the government's ability to label documents "secret" inappropriately? These and other questions that his work and the way he goes about it raise, remain to be pondered and dealt with as long as freedom of the press exists as it does today. What he said in Auburn illumines some of those issues.



Fifty Lethal Scenes (Wallis' "The Death of Chatterton")

The narrative subject's a well-known object:
how a precocious savant exposed drank poison
when London accused him of creating what he claimed
discovered: mythic Rowley's yellowed texts.
But narrative buried behind the garret portrait
holds the stranger tale in perilous check:
how Wallis made George Meredith model,
sketched him in Chatterton's attic death chamber and attire
in calm pose (relaxed *gisant*), casement open
scandalous manuscripts shredded. The Wallis seduced
quiet Meredith's wife (a widow once already),
spirited her off like venial wind to Capri.
(Her father, poet Thomas Love Peacock, disapproved!)

Having prophesied in pose the metaphor he must live, George turned to sour sonnets (MODERN LOVE, a touching sequence: fifty lethal scenes of wedlock) foreshadowing Lawrence's very mind and madness. Yet, informed by "the army of unalterable law," Meredith survived to see his rival's literary canvas hanged in halls of the famous Tate beneath his own living portrait's smile.

He married another (lovelier!) wife, retired to Irish countryside and prose, there spent years in novel composition, did not "drink the pale drug of silence and so beat sleep's heavy measure." Yet, on his green shire lawn peacocks in love shrieked like cats in heat, flipped their Chinese fans of tails like marked decks of tarot cards. At nearly eighty he took up painting and religion, rendered Chatterton alive in oils as another survivor of ordeals more deadly than literary fraud. Wallis, rumor has it, died of an anti-social disease he caught from Mary Peacock Meredith. The poison phial open on the floor of the portrait has never been traced, but every informed eye has a secret theory.

Worn Cards

There you are,
Waiting for another Hand;
neither eager, nor regretful.
Your zeal is no longer constrained
for now there is a natural
Poker Face
and the cards are practically
Faded.
Your wins have yet to defeat
the losses,
and still you play, knowing....
The Queen of Hearts
is somewhere among the Jokers.

Keith Jung

Birthday

Moreso than morning rain, your gown is fresh.
Your feet blush against it,
And your hair gives to it of light.
No longer do you lie late in your bed,
Your pony impatiently tossing his head in the meadow.
Your sleeves float in darkness;
Your breasts dart outward, like small birds.
Thirteen, and you seined the minnow pool.
Fourteen, and you traced your reflection in water.
Now you kneel high in your window,
Listen for the clink of bottles,
The milkman's truck creaking from house to house
Like an ancient cart you read of once in an old book
Setting forth the story of a peasant prince.

-for Deb

-R. T. Smith

-Helen Speaks



Photography by Duanne Shinkle

Annie

annie-touch-of-springtimelike soft satin lace.

fine silver chain, the beauties of intricate simplicity. long-since lost in others,

in you remain;

i'll walk the crowded corridors seeking a glimpse

of you again:

for

to see you is a sweet sip of silence after a long

monotonous rain.

-Paul Sansom

Birth Control

They write with such alarming gloom About the population boom You'd think a million Chinamen Were at the border breaking in, And yet, for all their frenzied tone We realize we aren't alone And that the world before it's through May pick its riders two by two.

-Stanley Green

The Inheritance

SKETCH By Cindy Lacy

With an audible sigh the waves wiped the beach's sand of that small debris that has a bad habit of appearing in uncomfortable places like swimsuits and tennis shoes, and the moon wavered silently above the scattered stars as if to say "Be wise little ones and you will be protected or try to outshine me and you will die a burning death."

Sadly the old man scraped along the rough snow of the shore to a certain dune directly under the North Star. With the measured steps of a marcher, he walked to his own place and began to dig carefully so as not to disturb the outlying groups of sea oats. Going about three feet under, he unearthed a plain, brown casket secured by a tiny antique lock on its clasp. He smiled a secret little twist of his sun-browned lips, and took from around his neck an old, knotted twine which held a small, rusted key. Assuring himself that no one was about he opened the box to reveal a still smaller box which at one time could have held jewelry or valuables of a sort. The smaller box appeared to be quite a valuable heirloom with still visible crest on the aging leather of the crown.

The Reina Stone still gleamed in all its magnificence despite the years that it had been buried at first under the sea and then on land after the aging waters receded as they sometimes will. Samuel wondered, too, as he took the large, red stone out of its moorings whether sixty years had been enough to rid the stone of its aura of evil. But with a burst of contempt he realized that the stone itself had been formed just to do its demonic tidings regardless of the time or place or anything that he might do to it. He thought back to his days of youth when he had discovered the stone while at sea

not far from this same coast. As he remembered, he chuckled, knowing of his own youthful foolishness and how he dreamed of finer things seeing the apparent value of this worthless piece of rock. He realized then that the beauty of the stone was just for that purpose-to capture fools who would fall under its evil bidding, and his mind again rejumbled over how the stone could be used on people he didn't particularly care about. Samuel was not a vengeful man, nor was he a violent man, but still a few people seemed to find a morose pleasure in making life uneasy for him and his

The Reina still shone, beckoning him to take it up, hold it, and move his calloused hands over its smooth facets and surfaces, but he fought back with the frozen fear of a rabbit before the swooping, hungry hawk. He realized then that he could never sell the Reina-it was too much a part of him. Then placing the rough wooden prison of the stone under an arm for protection, he shuffled down the side of the dune to a small, waiting craft which he had left earlier in the dawning light. He knew that this could be the only solution. With a backward glance for assurance, he began rowing to a spot he had pictured in his mind-a piece of the water just beyond the in-coming waves with nothing to distinguish it save the ever-changing depth which no man can predict or have knowledge of. Samuel stopped then and decided against using a stone or metal to weight down the box since it held so much of its own. Then before he could think twice, he dropped the box into the moving water as his father had before him and his father before him.



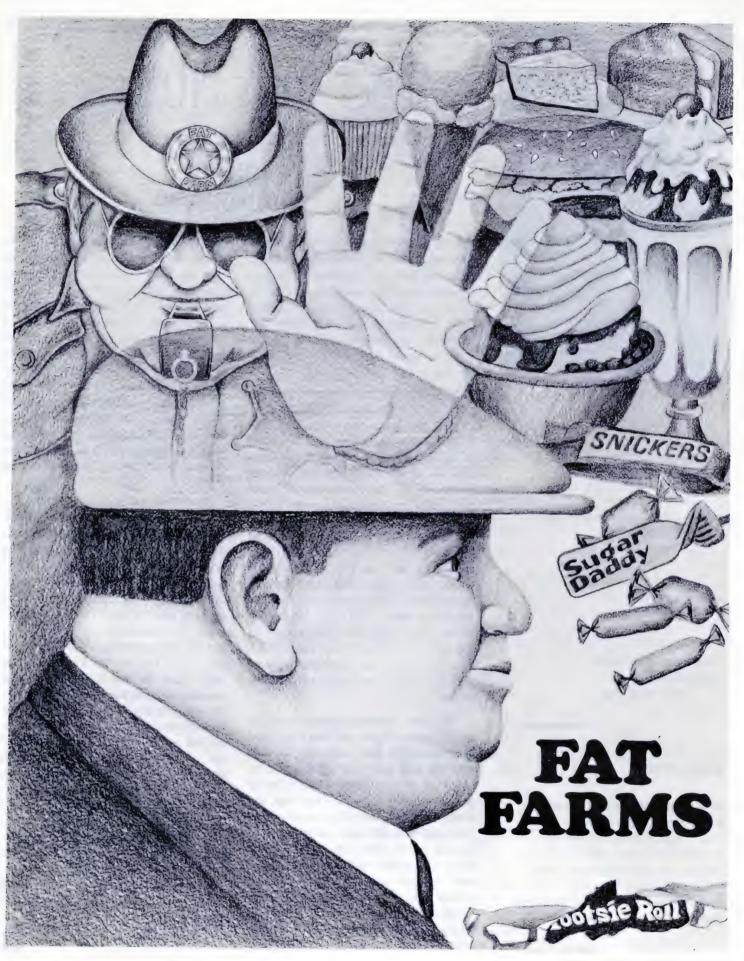


Illustration by Neal Reynolds

ESSAY By Bill Davis

A fat farm is where rich, overweight ladies and gentlemen go to be forced to live well. At a fat farm the residents are deprived of all junk food and sentenced to eat practically nothing but meat, vegetables, and fruits. They are obliged to exercise, even if the exercise is nothing more than long brisk walks in the case of the more elderly inmates. In addition, they are not permitted to vegetate in front of a television set, but are put to work learning some new sport or craft.

Several things about fat farms intrigue me. First, I am intrigued that people will pay vast amounts of money to be forced to do things that they could very easily do at home if they had the will power. People are mostly unwilling to voluntarily exercise, or eat or sleep in moderation—in short, to live as they know they ought, and yet are willing and eager to fork over a hefty sum of money to be placed in a semi-prison where they will be more or less forced to shape up. People do not have the will power to do right, but they will pay for the privilege of being forced to do right.

Consider the army as a kind of fat farm. Whether people enlist voluntarily or not, once in they are forced to be neat and prompt. They are put through a rigorous exercise and training program. They are trained to do some useful work. It is no wonder that guardians of delinquent children ship them off to the army. The kids need a little friendly encouragement from a drill sergeant to help them get a grip on themselves. Of course the army is not a bed of roses. People suffer while they are in the service. Yet when they get out and revert to their previous sloppy lifestyle, they often look back with longing to their days in the army. They wish to heaven they were in the physical shape the army put them in. They wish they were as neat, prompt, and disciplined as they were in their training days with Uncle Sam. But with no encouraging words from their friendly drill sergeant, they find no heart for early rising and chin-ups.

The biggest fat farm of all is the university. For the cost of a couple hundred paperback books a man could sit at home and learn almost everything that can be learned at college except dissipation. But nobody is going to sit at home reading heavy books day after day. It is universally recognized that if the average man is going to be educated, he is going to have to be driven to it. Highly-paid drill sergeants will stand in front of him, spoonfeed him the same material that is in cheap books, and then bully and harass him in a dozen ways with drills and tests and public humiliations until he has learned the material.

I'm not knocking the system. The system is inevitable. It's an outgrowth of human nature. No one is to blame. I'm just saying it's curious and strange. It's curious that the very same suffering that people are not willing to inflict upon themselves, they are willing to pay other people to inflict upon them. Maybe that way the pain seems more inevitable, less avoidable and hence more endurable.

The second thing that intrigues me about fat farms is how much I would like to go to one. It's frightening. It's alarming. It suggests that something's badly wrong with me. I'm saying all this to work up my courage for a really big confession. I'm leading up to something I've never before admitted. I'll tell you what it is in just a minute.

When I graduated from college they were drafting almost everyone. But they were not drafting graduate students. Well, the truth is that I had wanted and planned to go to graduate school anyway, so I wasn't merely evading the draft by prolonging my education. Now my life might have been very different if I had been drafted. For example, it might have been shorter. But I'm lapsing into frivolity again and postponing my confession. My confession is (perhaps in kindness you had best not read on) this: I really wouldn't have minded going into the army. I would have made a perfect private. I actually prefer being told what to do. I would like for someone to make me keep in shape. I would like to have clear and simple rules for living (or dying) imposed upon me. I take orders well.

That's why I was such a good student. Good students make good privates. They make good employees too, as the corporations well know. And so it turns out that I'm not all that eager to have complete freedom over my own life. I really do need a drill sergeant. I suspect I might even be happy in jail.

I'm not proud of any of this. I wish my office and my life were organized and neat. I wish I finished my work days and weeks before it was due. I wish I could diet and exercise with a fierce and joyful determination. But evidently I can't, don't, and won't. I need help.

The way I look at it, though, the big thing to remember is this. A lot of our best friends are totally devoid of will power, and yet we still like them a lot. So apparently there's no necessary correlation between firmness of will and being an attractive, delightful person. In fact, there may be a reverse correlation. Who likes drill sergeants? I'll bet you would like the people you meet at fat farms. They would be filled with lovable foibles and weaknesses. They would be our kind of people.

My Breasts

So high and so wide they fall in place. But they do not know I call Time a possibility They do not know that they are scenes in purple overcoats in residential districts that their names unused to glory live on forever as Tricia Zdanis' nametag in my Salvation Army bra.

Molly Harper

I Sing the Body Eccentric (with Apologies to Walt Whitman)

1

I sing the Body eccentric.
Perfection is the undraped form,
Male and Female.
I commune with the air.
Through the streets I flash,
Horns honking, people shouting;
I am arrested.
My bail is five hundred dollars.
My Brothers, can you spare a dime?

2

Through the woods I now run.
The vines caress me, the crickets serenade.
Look at the beauty of this plant;
It has three leaves in a cluster.
The leaves are the Trinity, and I ask God,
"What is it?"
He answers, "Poison ivy, you clod!"

I itch for weeks.
Pass the calamine lotion, please.

3

I sing of Equality,
The ideal of Democracy.
I say to the Banker
"You are my equal."
He laughs and tosses me a quarter.
I say to the Construction Worker
"I love you my brother, we are equal."
He calls me a screaming faggot.
I say to the Garbageman
"We are equal, brother."
He shoots me in the kneecap and steals
my wallet.

So much for Equality.

I sing the Grass.
Handkerchief of God, essence of joy,
It is one, yet all, it is rebirth.
Its heady aroma fills my senses,
I swoon.
I salute you, Columbia!
I salute you, Acapulco!

I salute you, Mr. Policeman!

Mr. Policeman?

4

I am arrested.

My bail is one thousand dollars.

My Brothers, can you spare many dimes?

5

I am satisfied.
Happy bedfellow, giggling, and chuckling
In the night.
We are one, He is omnipotent.
He slaps me with a paternity suit.
But isn't he male?
Oh.
He had the Operation

6

Finally I sing of Death,
That most delicious of all words.
The ultimate journey, the beginning.
Two impending trials, plus a paternity suit.
I tighten the noose.
I will jump and leave it all behind,
Into joyful Eternity.

Gaaaack-glork wheeze gasp choke.

7

"So you finally got here," he says. Is this God? Why, then, does He have a tail? Why, then, does He have a pitchfork? Why, then, is it so warm in here?

Uh-oh.
I think I have blown it.

So much for Eternity.

Pat Kaetz

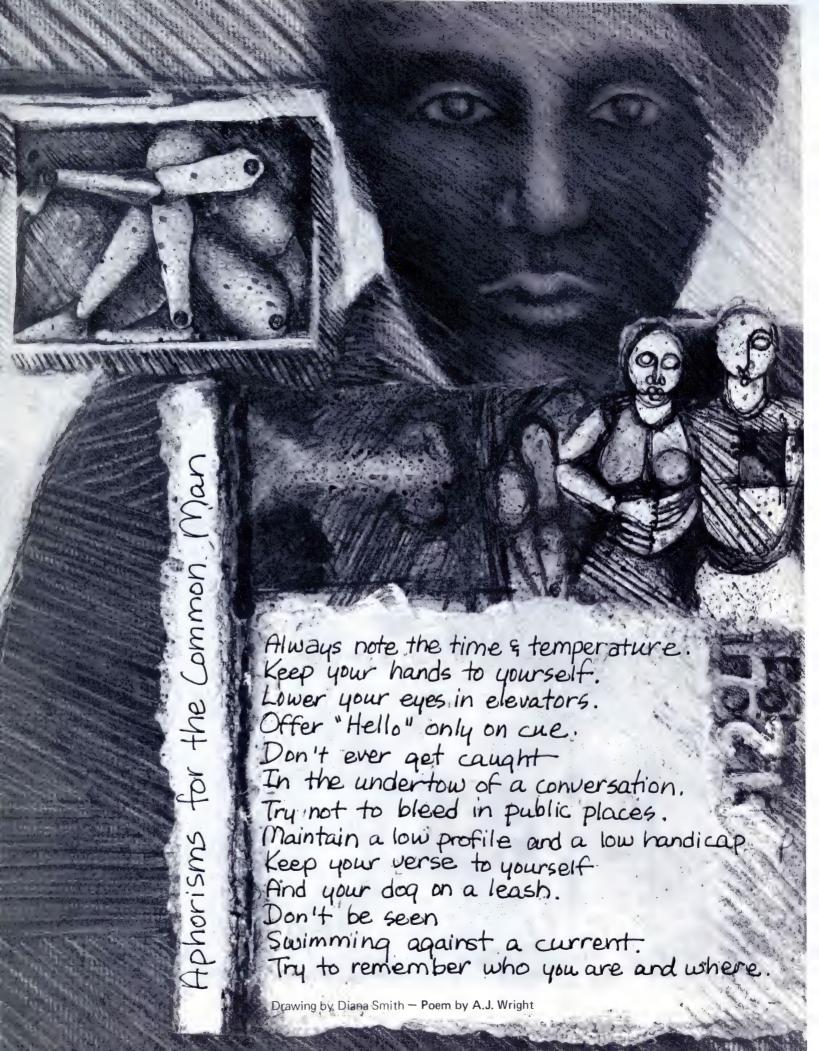




Illustration by Nina Street

TOMORROW AND TOMORROW AND TOMORROW

It was cool that day and the air was moist with dew that seemed to be suspended in a gray ocean of clouds. Dr. Elliot Fairchild emerged and immediately set up a brisk pace with the thought hanging in the back of his mind that he must reach his class. Punctuality was very important to him. He would not tolerate nonpunctuality in his students and was determined to set them the proper example. He soon reached the main campus and the ivy-covered buildings blended into oblivion as he passed them for the hundredth time. He was a fixture at Hudson College. He had been there for twenty of his fifty-two years. Unmarried with no immediate family to claim him, he had devoted his efforts almost entirely to the school. This particular morning he could not help but observe the respect with which colleagues and students alike greeted him. "Yes, Elliot," he thought, "You are indeed a respected man. It might even be said that you are loved. You are a scholar, a learned man, having devoted your life to the worthy cause of knowledge. You are worthwhile, alive and full of purpose. Whose life could be richer than yours?"

This soliloquy was routine. These words often ran through his mind as if they had wills of their own. It annoyed him that they did so, for he felt guilt at having to assure himself of his own worth. Nevertheless, the words persisted in coming like so many bees from a comb and their honey did seem soothing.

As he made his way to class, students nodded their hellos to the thin man with his battered briefcase. His bespectacled face reminded many of the platitudinous absentminded professor. But Dr. Fairchild was anything but absentminded. He

FICTION By Leslie Blackmon

was a very exacting man, quiet and orderly. He exuded an air of serenity that not even the rowdiest student could penetrate. He was an inspiration to his students, the type of man who by his very nature won the respect of his associates without having to demand it.

He had reached Franklin Hall, the building housing the English and History Departments. Fairchild was a professor of English. His class was now examining Shakespeare's masterpeice, *Macbeth*. As he climbed the stairs he silently recited his favorite passage

"...Tomorrow, and tomorrow and tomorrow Creeps in this petty pace from day to day To the last syllable of recorded time..."

He had often pondered this passage, annoyed that such a depressing flow of words should so appeal to his senses. Sometimes they made him feel extremely lonely. He felt this most acutely at night. He spent his nights at home, working on papers, averaging grades, or performing any one of his many duties. But occasionally his work would be finished and he would be left with hours of nothing to do. These nights he would read poetry in an attempt to escape the voice in his mind that surfaced at such times to say cruelly, "You are kidding no one, Dr. Fairchild. You are a lonely old fool with nothing better to do with your time than read poetry about things you will never know. You live within your verses and phrases. Your life is contained within the bindings of many books."

He would always attempt to put these thoughts from his mind for the evening, knowing that with the morning they would be forgotten in the routine of the day.

He awakened from his reverie and stood outside the classroom until the sounding of the last bell. He pictured how the classroom would look as he entered. They would be waiting for him, looking over notes, finishing up special assignments, and preparing for the day's lecture. It was like a scene in a play and his entrance was the cue for the drama to begin.

He entered and found the scene just as he had expected to find it. They were all there playing their bit parts perfectly. He knew them all by name, and could tell at a glance which students were absent, although few students were ever absent from his classes. He disliked skipping and let them know it. Only one student was absent today. Bobby Schuler had contracted some type of virus and had been quite incapacitated for the past few days.

He walked to the lectern, nodding his greeting to the class. He was conscious of their eyes following him across the front of the room and wondered what must be passing through their minds. Without glancing up he took his papers from the briefcase and proceeded to organize them on the lectern in preparation for the day's lecture. As he put the notes in order, he became aware of someone standing near him. Looking up he saw her. She was tall and thin. In her hand was a small stenographer's tablet and a large leather handbag.

"Yes, miss, may I help you?" he

"Yes sir, I'm Patricia Croley. I've received permission to audit your class.

You see I'm very interested in literature and had heard yours was a very interesting course." She stopped, glancing hesitantly around the room waiting for his reply. Professors sometimes didn't like for students to audit their classes. But Fairchild only said, "I see. Well, take the desk in the back of the room. We'll begin shortly. And, miss, make sure you arrive at the proper time in the future."

He returned to his straightening and she moved away. Sometimes he felt a little guilty at being so cold towards a student, but one must observe the rules.

At the close of class, he called the new girl to his desk. "Patricia, I always expect auditors to participate in my classes. You will be expected to do any written assignments and will be welcome to participate in any class discussion. I feel that only in this way will you be able to benefit fully from the experience. Your only privilege will be that of not taking tests." Students often objected to this policy, but he was set in his ways.

"Oh, yes sir, I fully intended to do so." She spoke so sincerely that he softened a bit as he realized that the girl must be earnest about the course. He appreciated devotion to learning. So many of his students were totally apathetic toward their educations. They never seemed to realize the benefits of knowledge for its own sake. This he had found to be the most distressing phase of his career.

All these things ran through his head as the girl spoke, "Sir, I... I have prepared a paper already. I thought perhaps you could look at it. I've found that many instructors like to become acquainted with a student by reading some of their work. Uh, ... sir, ..."

"Oh, yes, Miss Croley, that is very commendable. I shall make every effort to read it tonight." He had been caught daydreaming, something he detested. But he found the girl quite disarming. She had a way of meeting one eye to eye, something that often unnerved him. But she was smiling now, taking from her handbag the manuscript she had prepared. He took it from her still a little bewildered by the effect she had upon him. The bell rang and students for the next class began to file in and take their places. She said good-bye and with a graceful turn was gone.

The rest of the morning went as usual.

But his thoughts kept returning to the girl. Her eyes, the way she moved were imprinted in his mind and kept playing through his thoughts like reruns of a television show.

His classes ended at noon that day. Walking back home, he thought of the night ahead, planning the work he must do. He hoped that his work would fill the long hours, as he especially didn't want to be alone with his thoughts tonight. Something was gnawing at his self-assurance. He could not tell precisely what, but he felt that the small voice would be speaking loudly to him tonight.

He was walking along the main walkway of the campus. Maple trees lined the brick pavement, and benches were strewn across the spacious lawn where students stopped to chat or to study. He observed the scene thinking how peaceful it was.

"Hello, Professor." He was brought out of his meditations. It was the girl. She was seated all alone, except for her books. She seemed engrossed in a biography of Catherine the Great.

"Oh, hello Miss Croley. Memoirs of Catherine the Great?"

"Yes, sir. I'm reading it for my history class. It's really interesting."

"Yes, you are quite right about that. A great patron of the arts she was, although they say she had no natural affinity for the arts."

"Yes, but I really haven't gotten into the book yet." She seemed a little uncomfortable.

"Well, good-bye Miss Croley. I shall be seeing you Friday."

He spent the afternoon in his garden. The tomatoes were doing exceptionally well this year, but the cabbage had disappointed him. He enjoyed working on this small patch of earth. It gave his hands something to work with. He dealt for the most part with abstract thoughts and principles. The garden allowed him to forget all that and to deal with more practical things for awhile.

But that night, away from his haven of earth, he settled to his work with a vague sense of apprehension stirring within. Carefully assembling his papers on his small secretary and donning his reading glasses, he delved into the stack of essays. They were as he had known they would be. His were good students, but very rarely did he run across any inspired writing.

He had dreams of discovering among his students some literary genius, but they all seemed quite ordinary, not poor, just ordinary.

Then he read Patricia's essay. It would never be said that she was a great talent. But her thoughts had profound potential. They were manifestations of an inquisitive mind.

He read the piece several times, wanting to take it all in. He wanted very much to understand the full meaning of the words so that he could do her paper justice, for there were many implied questions within the paper.

After finishing the piece, he felt vaguely troubled. The essay was a good one, but filled with undercurrents of disillusionment. He felt an identification with the girl, especially as she wrote, "...life often seems terribly futile. Things seem to have neither meaning nor purpose. We struggle daily with our work only to have fleeting feelings and questions as to whether it is really worth it all. In retrospect our activities seem unimportant and our ends petty....People live in constant anticipation of happiness, many never reach it. Perhaps we expect too much."

The voice was struggling to come to the fore. He lit his pipe and stared into the empty fireplace wishing it was lit. He felt a need for some source of warmth and cheer. The essay had left him with a cold feeling that seemed to grow with each passing minute.

Sleep did not come easily for him that night. His mind seemed to be a hopeless jumble of stray thoughts. He thought of the things to be done the next day, only to be assailed with a tremendous desire not to do them. He thought of old friends. Some had done well, some had not. He felt ashamed of the outrageous comparisons he was forming, attempting to gauge their successes against his own.

The truest thoughts spring from the unconscious just before sleep. He felt that he hated himself.

Patricia approached him after class Friday. "Professor, I just wondered if you had finished with my paper."

"Oh, yes, and it was very good. I gave you a B plus. I was quite pleased with it."

He had given the paper to her, and she was scanning over it to read his comments. "But, what did you think of my ideas? Do they make any sort of sense at all to you? I mean, have you ever felt that way before?"

He was quite taken aback with this string of questions. He usually did not fool with the personal depth of his students' work. He had never felt called upon to do so until now. "Yes, Miss Croley, I should say they elicit credence. We all feel these things, but not many people give vent to their emotions as you have."

She smiled at this and turned to go, but he wanted to prolong the conversation. "Uh, Miss Croley, it was really very thought-provoking...just unify your ideas." She smiled and was gone.

He left at noon with a vague hope that he would see her again along the walk-way. He hadn't the slightest idea why he wanted to. He certainly couldn't confess that he himself shared so many of her doubts. He scolded himself even as he scanned the campus but was sad to find her nowhere in sight. "Oh, well, it is just as well," he thought. "I have been saved from making a total fool of myself."

"Through no fault of your own," replied the small voice.

He spent the remainder of the day in the library. He often became so immersed in his reading that he lost all track of time. The librarian came at five o'clock to remind him that it was closing time. Rising tiredly he smiled his apologies and started the walk home.

The night air was humid and smelled of spring. Crickets blended into a dull hum that was interrupted only by the sound of his footsteps on the pavement. The campus was deserted. Spotlights shone on the old buildings giving them a look of grandeur. As he passed the dorms he thought how like Christmas trees they looked, with windows for lights, each a different color.

He thought of the girls in there. They would be talking, studying or getting ready for their dates that night. He wondered if she lived in a dormitory. Somehow he could not picture her running around in a T-shirt chatting about some bit of campus gossip.

He was turning onto his street. Here the atmosphere was different. Most of the faculty members resided here. The homes were modest but attractive. The street was quiet and one lone streetlight bathed the scene in a cold white light. He felt very much alone and silently cursed the peaceful scene for it offered no promise of homey cheer for him.

Reaching his driveway, he fumbled for his key. He stopped abruptly as he realized that someone was sitting on the steps. It was Patricia.

"I thought you were never coming," she said. "I've been waiting here since dusk."

"Well, uh, . . . you've given me quite a start. I wasn't expecting a visitor. But won't you come in?"

They had some tea and talked until late into the night. The clock showed half past one when she left. As he closed the door behind her, he tried to remember what they had discussed. He could recall nothing of real importance. He remembered fragments of the conversation, something about a failing mark in a statistics course and a dog named Rags who had died. "How strange," he thought, "to talk the whole night away and remember nothing more than two such unimportant things." He was strangely amused by it.

After that she came often. They talked of future plans (she was undecided about everything; he was permanently settled), daily affairs, and books. They shared their wildest dreams with each other, laughing at the absurdity of them (she wanted to be an olympic gymnast and he wanted to win the Pulitzer Prize).

She never discussed her private life with him except to say that her parents were divorced and that she lived with her mother. She seemed to dislike talking about this and so he did not press her. His own family life was a painful topic with him, and so they avoided the subject out of mutual consent.

He found himself looking forward to her visits, which were never prearranged. He always wondered if she would come or not, and never made tea until she had come. Then he would say, "Oh, you are here. Why don't we have some tea?" This, he thought, made it look as though he did not anticipate her visits so much.

She always came by eight o'clock. After then he would take a book from the shelf and slowly read and reread it until it was time for bed. He always did his work in the afternoon, so that the nights could be set aside for their visits. He regretted this when she did not come, and he was faced with hours of nothing to do.

The semester was nearing an end. Final exams were to be held May 8-10. It was a busy time. She did not come as often to see him that week, saying she had studying to do. Neither did she attend his class, as they were reviewing and she was not to take the exam.

As he walked home on the last day of class, he felt peaceful. He would have a brief rest before summer classes began. She was going to stay on campus for that week between sessions. She said she had no reason to go home and it would probably only upset her. He had learned by now that her mother was an unpleasant woman and that they did not get along well at all. He thought this was sad, but was looking forward to a week with her. He would take her to a play. She would like that. He wondered if she was looking forward to these things. Sometimes he worried about her spending so much time with him when she could be out with people of her own age. He wondered about her romantic life, for they certainly had nothing like that although he felt he might love her for the things they had shared together.

That Saturday she was at his house as soon as she had finished her tests. She seemed very happy. "We've got a whole week of nothing but relaxation!" Her eyes were glowing as she said this, and her excitement was infectious.

"I have a surprise," she said. With that she brought the biggest picnic basket he'd ever seen from the kitchen. "C'mon let's go. I'm ready to get away from all these buildings. We're going to escape for awhile."

They drove thirty miles before finding a good place. They stopped along the way to buy drinks, and laughed later when they realized they had no bottle opener. They spent the whole afternoon there and finally returned when it began to get dark.

He had tickets for the theater for that Saturday night. She was to walk to his house where they would have dinner before leaving. He had prepared the meal and was waiting for her arrival. She did not come. He was disturbed at first, then angry. Most of all, he was hurt, unable to believe she could treat him so. But, of course, there must be a good reason for this. He called her room but there was no answer. He felt like an old fool and could find nothing to occupy his time. He knew it would be impossible to try sleeping. So he sat and listened as the voice, which had been curiously silent for the past month, mocked him.

At twelve o'clock he heard a weak knock at the door. He knew it was she. He never had any other visitors. She was there, and she had been crying.

"I'm sorry I should have called."

He said nothing but motioned for her to come in.

She sat there for what seemed an eternity. She cried silently while he brought in the tea. Finally she spoke.

"My father has died. I'm leaving tomorrow for the funeral."

She had never talked about her father before. He only knew that the man had lived in a small town out West somewhere.

"I never told you about him did I?" she asked.

"No, you never did."

"Well, I never knew him very well. They were divorced when I was very young. Mother disliked my visiting him. I only stayed with him twice after the divorce. Mother said he was a bad influence, but he was always writing me. He loved me very much."

He was silent. He could think of nothing appropriate to say in this situation.

"I was hoping you would drive me to the airport tomorrow. I leave at ten o'clock. I guess I won't be back. Mother could never afford to send me to college. She's always felt I was wasting my time anyway."

He felt as if she had slapped him across the face. She was leaving and she was not coming back. It seemed incredible. Everything had changed within the space of one hour. Her whole life had been rearranged — and his too.

"Of course, I'll be only too glad to take you."

She was rising to leave. "I have to pack all my things, so I'll be leaving now." Then she began to cry, weeping uncontrollably. He felt as if his head would burst with the sound of it. Then there was silence. He was holding her, and she was calm. They stood there for a short time. He smoothed her hair and held her close and said nothing. Then she was gone. He lay awake until dawn. He thought of nothing. Finally he drifted into a dreamless sleep until the alarm rang at eight.

They drove in silence to the airport. It was a sunny day, but he was not cheered by it. He felt the weather had no business behaving so wonderfully on such a day. They waited in silence for the plane and when the final boarding call was made she rose to leave. Good-bye was all she said as she kissed him briefly on the cheek. But at the last minute she took an envelope from her handbag and pressed it into his hand.

He drove all the way home without opening it. There, he prepared some tea and finally sat down to read it. The message was short and he read it many times that day.

"I don't know how to classify you. You've been so many things to me -a teacher, a friend, and a father. You have understood so many things about me that nobody ever understood before. You are so important to me. Please don't ever forget that. You are real, you are human, and you are kind. I understand you and I appreciate you. I am not 'unifying' my ideas very well, am I? But I must write down all of the things I feel, and I feel so much for you that the thoughts might escape if I don't record them hastily. Only one thought is sure not to be forgotten. I love you in a very special way.

> Sincerely, Patricia

P. S. I hope you get the Pulitzer.

He went to sleep at eight that night. The note was on the bedside stand. He did not set the alarm. Dr. Fairchild was not in class that Monday.



Crumbling Spirit (Prov. 25:28)

This broken down city with no walls Wails for a chief of staff or an Army jeep to gather the decadent rocks in a useful heap to perform major repairs before the entire thing falls.

There is no rule and no faith and the people cast wildly their eyes up to its soldierless posts and over its broken gates and the heaves of numberless hearts are louder than cries.

Martha Duggar

Nights for the Nameless

The moon is still wending Her last lately voyage. Homeward still homeward She sails.

Nights for the nameless Who roam with her, homeless. Peace for the stalkers Homeless as she.

And I in her mirror, And she in my moment, Converse in a language Forsaken of words.

Waif lady eternal Wanderer diurnal Above the clouds and Beyond the seas,

So, nightly you ramble; This life was your gamble, And more are the gamblers Homeless as we.

-Carol Danner

Of War in Southeast Asia

What can I say of you, my friend?
You have disappeared into a far country,
Having left me in this one,
Where the dust circling my feet
Settles into the selfsame paths.
Even the prayers are old ones:
"Coi hong tran lam mui kho hanh."

Leaves do not fall here,
And there is nothing remarkable
About the antique.
You left in a boxcar, carrying
A nightingale that could not sing.
Now is he fluttering among the branches of heaven,
Singing back to you?

-Helen Speaks

Poem

For you, I will make a poem and hold it, like the moon, up into the dark window.

It will be a poem of great simplicity.
It will be only a story and you will understand.

It will glow as long as there is the memory of children, standing in moonlight by water.

—Paul Alexander

Elevated Expectations

At floor fifteen, she got on the elevator, She could've been a communist infiltrator-I know not, I saw only mystery Blonde, sensuous and free. What she had been, I don't know I just wanted the elevator to go slow. I was infatuated when the metal doors began to draw Her lithe, tanned form was not wont for a bra About the fourteenth floor, her eyes began to raise. Passion's tempo increased when they met my gaze It had been only seconds since her face I'd first seen. But time was passing fast, and so was floor thirteen. Passing floor number twelve on our descent to the ground, I began to wish for a mechanical breakdown. Time marched on, but I was neither calm nor frantic. Did I perceive truth, I asked, or am I a dreaming romantic? She gave me a hint, when she smiled and threw back her golden mane, Such temptation, I think, would leave no lesser man sane. I must move quickly, I thought, or shun this gift of fate. But hurry now, self, there goes floor number eight. This fruit, nurtured by desire, was ripe and I must make haste For I long for a chance just for a taste. My thoughts drifted to the two of us, on an island in a South Sea I've drifted too long, horrors, floor three! Woe opportunity missed, would-be experience gone-by. For as we neared the ground floor, our parting grew nigh We were like those two strangers, passing in the night. The door opened, she went left, I went right.

-Mark C. Winne

Dreaming

Sometimes I feel
I could be happy
With a clean house,
a husband and a vase
of flowers
but when it passes
when the coffee is finished
the darkness settles
like grounds to the bottom.

-Robin Southerland



Photography by Jan Nichols

FISHERIES Auburn's Link with the World

By Charlotte Ward Photos courtesy Agricultural Experiment Station

- What are orange and blue and swim in the waters of six continents?
- Fish developed by Auburn scientists and their international

Auburn University, like other land grant colleges, has traditionally seen its mission as three-fold: teaching, research, and extension. Nowhere are the three combined into a program of such far-reaching and vital importance as in the Department of Fisheries and Allied Aquacultures, housed since 1974 in Swingle Hall on the AU campus, but reaching out traveling faculty, international students, and Auburn-trained scientists to all the world.

Homer Swingle, who started it all, and who died just a few months after the department he had headed since 1970 moved into the building named in his honor, is remembered by long-time faculty colleagues as a "man with a mission." It was not a mission easily accomplished, nor one always enjoying widespread support within the University. When Professor Swingle joined the faculty of the Zoology Department in 1929, the School of Agriculture saw its mission as being very closely tied to the needs of the Alabama farmer and concerned almost solely with improving the farmer's lot by crop development, pest control, improved techniques, and machinery and the like. And Alabama farmers, by and large, were not very interested in fish.

But Professor Swingle was neither an "ivory tower" scientist nor a man of

strictly local concerns. In the 1940's he began to travel throughout the underdeveloped world for the United Nations Food and Agriculture Organization, and it was there he caught the vision of the need of the world for food and the possibility of filling that need with fish. Thus he found his mission: developing food fish to supply the world's hungry masses with high quality protein at low cost, and teaching the people who needed the fish to grow them where they were. From the beginning, the fisheries programs have been self-help programs. Auburn Scientists visit a country, determine the food fish already indigenous to the area and others that could be expected to thrive, analyze the food resources available to feed the fish, determine the level of productivity to be achieved, and select promising young people to be brought to Auburn for professional training. Then, using whatever international aid funds are available, along with money supplied by the local government, fish hatcheries and research facilities are built in the countries where the fish are to be grown. From these centers, local farmers can get help in constructing ponds and developing food fish.

Among the great advantages of aquaculture, besides the obvious provision of high quality protein, are the utilization of nonarable land for ponds and the use of agricultural by-products as fish feed. Land that is too poor for agricultural use can be turned into ponds; agricultural wastes such as rice husks can provide a

large part of the nutritional requirements of important food fish.

Auburn's program of fisheries research and management, (directed at first to sport fishing in Alabama), dates from 1933. Courses in fisheries and aquaculture were first taught in the zoology department in 1946, and the first graduate degree was awarded in 1948. By the late 1950's Auburn's small staff of fisheries scientists were beginning to gain recognition as the men to consult on problems relating to fresh water fish in warm climates, and under such varied auspices as the Rockefeller Foundation and the United Nations Food and Agriculture Organization (FAO), Auburn's international outreach began.

In 1958, Thailand and Israel were the first countries to receive advisory assistance from Auburn scientists. By the early 1960's, India and the Philippines had been added. Students from these countries came to Auburn in substantial numbers for graduate training, returning home to manage their own countries' research and development programs.

At present there are about thirty Auburn-trained fisheries scientists in Thailand, and they constitute one of the world's most enthusiastic alumni clubs. Auburn faculty visiting Thailand on brief tours tell of welcoming committees at the airport to greet them, War Eagle banners festooning the hall where they dined, and a delegation to see them off again. One faculty member who had been a little uncertain about working with international students was converted into one



Clockwise from front left: Mayra Geraldes, Max Adiase, Ibrahim Al-Sayed, Pedrito Bombeo, and Izegbua Amusu. The foreign students net a bunch from fisheries ponds.

of the international program's most enthusiastic supporters and participants after a couple of weeks with the "Thailand Alumni Association." On one of a series of slides of catfish from around the world, an orange and blue pencil is used to indicate the size of a fish. "That's no accident," comments the professor who is showing the slides to a group of international students here for a short course, "the Thai scientist who made the picture is proud of being from Auburn."

The International Center for Aquaculture, a part of Auburn's Agricultural Experiment Station, was established June 25, 1970, when the agreement by which United States Agency for International Development funds were provided to implement the project was signed by President Harry M. Philpott and Dr. John H. Hannah of USAID. This was the culmination of cooperation with AID beginning in 1967, when the Agency found itself unable to hire its own fisheries experts (because of a decrease in foreign aid appropriations that year) and contracted with Auburn to provide the scientific personnel to carry out some AID projects. In the nearly ten years of association with AID, thirty-nine persons from Auburn's staff have visited fiftyfour different countries, spending a whopping total of 3,480 man-months overseas. And that's only the short-term visit tally (a few days to a few weeks per visit). During this decade, fourteen professionals have spent a total of 34.3 manyears of long-term (typically, 18 months) advisory service in six countries: Brazil, El Salvador, Nigeria, Panama, Philippines, and Indonesia. This year, long term projects are beginning in Jamaica, Honduras, and Colombia. In addition, fisheries scientists from all over the world visit Auburn to observe and learn from work being done here.

A long-term assignment usually means relocating a whole family, with accompanying considerations of health and schooling facilities when children are involved. On the whole, families who have lived overseas have felt that it was a beneficial experience for them all. One family that spent eighteen months in Brazil lived in a city apartment with an ocean view among friendly neighbors, sent their children first to a Portuguesespeaking nursery school where they picked up the language fairly readily, then started their son to an American mission school so that he would do his first grade work in English. Their memories of the experience are almost wholly good. Another Auburn family found themselves in Panama at the time that country was particularly at odds with the U.S.A. Not only was the American scientist thoroughly frustrated in trying to work at a government installation when the government was changing, but also found it not too comfortable for an American family in those political circumstances. Fortunately, the Panama experience has been the exception; the Brazilian experience is more nearly the rule. One thing both families agree on: their overseas experience confirmed their conviction that there really is no place like home-whether from the point of view of personal and political freedom or just personal comfort, the U.S.A. is Number One!

Since 1970, when Dr. Swingle and Dr. Don Moss, Assistant Director of the International Center, spent half a year traveling around the world surveying possibilities and making long-range plans, AID funds have provided for development of two ongoing programs each in the Philippines and Indonesia, three in Colombia, and one each in Nigeria, Brazil, Jamaica, Honduras, and Thailand. Other projects already completed as far as AID is concerned and now fully in the hands of local people are located in Thailand, El Salvador, and Panama. Dr. Moss stresses that no Alabama funds support Auburn's overseas work. Moreover, the "overhead" allowance in AID grants compensates for "in-kind" contributions of the use of University facilities. In addition, much, if not most, on-campus research in fisheries is financed by AID grants.

The department of some 30 professional staff, 45 undergraduate majors, and 95 graduate students derive a large proportion of its support from federal grants.



L-R, Former students from Panama and Peru with Dr. Wayne Shell, head of Fisheries Department.



Left to right: Numa Hurtado, Mrs. Geraldes, Al-Sayed, Mrs. Amusu, Bombeo, Adiase, and Oscar Paraan. After their study, they take their skills with them to provide fish in their homelands.

Only eight faculty positions are of the budgeted-tenure track variety common to other departments. However Dr. Wayne Shell, Dr. Swingle's former student and successor as department head and International Center Director, does not think the State of Alabama should necessarily support the fisheries program at any higher level than it now does, balancing support against value received in the state. But, Auburn's contribution to Alabama in fish culture is not negligible. The state's \$20,000,000 per year catfish industry grew out of Auburn research, and 40,000 small farm ponds, developed and still guided by advice from Auburn experts, provide one-third of all the sport fishing in the state.

One constriction due to limited financial support Dr. Shell does regret. Auburn's national and international reputation, well-deserved by the fine program it offers, draws about four times as many qualified applicants for graduate training as can be accommodated. About half the present graduate students are internationals, and that situation will probably continue, because, as Dr. Shell points out, these are the people who will make a direct and immediate impact on world hunger. Furthermore, the jobs in fisheries

and aquaculture are overseas, not in the United States. Therefore, a large number of qualified American applicants are turned down.

With catfish farming bringing in \$600 per acre, compared to \$60 per acre for soybeans, it would seem that fish farming would be a very attractive possibility for a young person with a bachelor's degree in fisheries. However, the capital outlay required to get started puts it out of reach of all but a few. Appropriate legislation could correct this, Dr. Shell believes.

No report on Auburn Fisheries would be complete without a word from the international participants in the programs. Sitdhi Boonyaratpalin and his wife, Mali (who is reported to make a fabulous soup out of fish swim bladders), are typical of the young foreign students who come to Auburn for training to fill jobs already waiting for them back home. They are graduates of Kasetsart University, an agricultural school in Thailand. After receiving the Ph.D.'s, Sitdhi, who is majoring in fish parasitology, and Mali,

aquaculture for international students with the minimum equivalency of a junior college background. Lasting approximately five months, the short course, an alternative to a degree program, emphasizes the practical aspects of aquaculture: fish nutrition, disease control, reproduction, pond construction, hatchery management, and even methods for preparing training materials for extension programs back home. With its numerous small and large ponds stocked with many of the tropical and subtropical species the trainees will be working with in their own countries, Auburn's field research unit provides valuable "hands on" experience.

This year's trainees are a varied and interesting group. Max Adiase, from Ghana, is definitely "over qualified" for the program, since he holds an M.S. from Michigan. A visit to Auburn on his way home after completing his graduate work convinced him Auburn had something to offer him in the way of practical training, so he applied for the Aquaculture Train-



Seining in one of the 0.1 acre experimental ponds.

who is studying fish nutrition, will return to become research workers in the Thailand Department of Fisheries. And, from all indications, they will be enthusiastic members of that Auburn alumni club. They are enjoying Auburn while obtaining the education needed for the jobs that await them.

Currently the International Center is conducting its second short course in ing Program. His work in Ghana is with the Institute of Aquatic Biology in a general program of study of fish in Lake Volta.

Although she works for the Nigerian Institute of Öceanography, Izegbua Amusa is interested in developing farm ponds in her country. (Auburn's current long-term project in Nigeria, under contract with a private firm, is also aimed at

farm pond development, and is directed by an Auburn graduate who has been a successful fish farmer in Arkansas.) Mrs. Amusu sees fish farming as improving both nutrition and income for Nigerian farmers.

Two young men from the Philippines are in the program. Pedrito Bombeo has been working primarily with shrimp culture, but is now learning about fish culture in Southeast Asia. Oscar Paraan's interest is in the "domestication" of the milkfish, an important food species in "sea farming." Domestication involves learning about the embryology and early development of a species so that it can be bred and raised in one place, though in wild it may migrate over wide areas. Paraan was excited over news from home



Dr. William Shelton and student spawning grass carp.

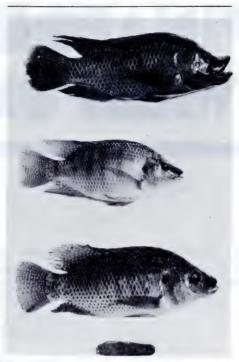
of the first observation of milkfish spawning—a real breakthrough for Philippine studies. Both Bombeo and Paraan work for a Southeast Asian regional development project in the Philippines.

Mayra Geraldes, from the Dominican Republic, will be going into a new area of development for her country, freshwater fish culture. She will be staying on after the short course, since her husband is working on a master's at Auburn, and hopes to have an opportunity for further study herself.

Numa Hurtado is an experienced research biologist from Venezuela. His current interest is in the migration and reproduction of fish in the Orinoco River.

One can't associate with Auburn fisheries people very long before someone mentions tilapia. Tilapia, it turns out, is a

variety of fish native to Brazil which can be raised at a fantastic rate of productivity per acre of pond, fed on agricultural



Top to Bottom-Male Tilapia hornorum. Center, one of all-male hybrid offspring. Bottom, female Tilapia nilotica.

wastes, and, through either special breeding or hormone treatment of fingerlings can be made to produce around 90% males, which provide more edible material per fish than do females. What your reporter wanted to know is, are tilapia good to eat?

"Oh, yes." said Mrs. Amusu, getting that glazed expression about the eyes that you or I might have at the mention of filet mignon.

"Only when they are big," said Mr. Bombeo. "The young have too many bones."

But Mrs. Amusu was quick to assure me that it was well worth the trouble of picking out the bones to eat tilapia of any size.

So how about it, Dr. Shell? When are you all going to do something for the home folks? When will I be able to buy tilapia at the A & P?



Waiting

I have seen you
Walking the street by night,
Turning the corners
As though lost in
The city fog.

We have traced those Steps before, over and over Until numbers have no meaning.

Our attraction
Loses clarity among
The street lamps.
Yet, I have seen my shadow
Follow your footsteps
And disappear near the light.

My love is there But you have gone.

When you return,
We shall kiss and love
In the same papered room
And wrinkled bed
We always have.

I wait for you. Our arguments Are children playing Makebelieve on a Rainy day.

-Les Hutson



Photography by Duanne Shinkle

POETRY. PINAFORE WAMPUM

By Steve Harrison

Just a word about contemporary poetry, spreading "its green barrazza" even now among us (including pertinent examples:

Signals II

Aside,

that you wd not come to me
that neither of us can, nor want to
share the other, nor can we help it,
I wd not come to you, either, nor
need I have
The gin and tonic begun or never drunk, I
shall sit here with my red wine and mull
I shall mull my red wine and think
I shall think
red gin • mulltonic • sitwine
red mullet, ginthink, miltown, drink
the atonic mulled red, bink, bink,
bink, bink, bink, . . .

(from Paul Blackburn's *The Cities*, Grove Press, 1967)

Begin, then, by saying that the contemporary poem is a movement of an individual's mind—thought—feelings, a movement which doesn't always make the sense of a lucid text laying down the facts of who-shot-who, the symptoms of gout, techniques of kidney pruning, ozone decoupage, etc.; "Signals II," though it has small literal meaning, does convey an event: the speaker's mind clogging up w/gin & finally going on the bink. harrumph.

The poem is "the mind in the act of finding what will suffice," says Wallace

Stevens, "and may be of a man skating, a woman dancing, a woman combing." Insofar as these sounds, these images, satisfy the reader & give pleasure, they stand as poems; & may be very simple, as this "Invitation Standing" by Blackburn:

BRING a leaf to me
just a leaf just a
spring leaf, an
april leaf
just
come
Blue sky
never mind
spring rain
never mind
Reach up and
take a leaf and
come
just come

Or the poem may be a complex interchange of points-of-view, in one mind? who knows (w/ a hop like a jumping-bean militia scrapping for a pair of stilts).

Entre Nous

If I can't hope then to hell with it. I don't want to live like this?

Like this, he said. Where were you? She was around in back of the bureau

where he pushed her? Hell no, she just fell.

(Robert Creeley, from For Love, Scribner's, 1962)

The poem resists the intelligence almost successfully, says Stevens; contemporary poets, in trying to shape a new language for themselves & whoever wishes to share, ask the readers to make rapid associations, mental & emotional leaps to which they may be unaccustomed; to air out their minds like musty hope chests too heavy for vaulters to pack on their backs. The contemporary poem asks for an openness of mind that is part of the time's attempt to discover new ways to think feel speak see hear be. To those who want no change, watch out!

haints will eat yr cornflakes at dawn golfballs will swell in yr jaws at noon horrid masks will gape thru yr windows at dusk it will be an all-day spectacular.

(Ishmael Reed, Catechism of the New-American Hoodoo Church, P. Breman, 1920)

Folks, observe then if you will, contemporary poetry coming to you "by benefit of its own Irish green bazoo. You take it, from here."

(Charles Olson, "A Foot Is to Kick With," Selected Writings, New Directions, 1966)



Bachelor's Summer in Sante Fe

Neon glows green through my Blue Ribbon beer, translucent as fruit in a Kalf still-life. Crystal cuts all light to sparking planes like the glass house built on a Chopin Etude. Afternoon in a tavern passes as a slow pavane, as I watch black lace mantillas sway across faces of modest ladies moving like mirages through bars where the silver change of marriage is wasted as wages of bland ennui. I gaze at June outside where a man dances in rain to distant music. His semaphore moves are ghosts of ballet as he glissades a neat veronica agile as Nijinsky. Now just enough neon-xerox-machine-light green floods the room and I sleepily peer at emeralds through the shallow stained glass of my two-bit beer. With bloodshot jeweler's eyes I stare like crazy through the mirror at my image, distorted and greasy. I begin to whistle, to display my imperfect pitch.

-R. T. Smith



Drawing by Diana Smith

Jesus Feet in Winter

In February Minnesota grows colder And in late evenings the windows Turn to white And walking home needs to be shortened So you edge across the expansive void Of the frozen pond across the marsh near home Stepping down on the ice It creaks and groans Telling tales of too long winters While the pale air underneath Springs along through cracks To opposite sides, challenging the journey Shouting down the Black Silence That startles careful thinking Making you forget that you are walking upon the water.

Mark Beffart

Night Birth

Your sharp cries fill the air like the cries of swans. The damp clouds rise toward the stars.

-Paul Alexander



Photography by Duanne Shinkle

Andersonville, Spring 1969

like a beached fish slapping the sand i am seized by this alien air

by the blossoms scattered in the magnolia trees like a flock of doves

by this cowling heat so early in the morning and all these wells dry ...

too much silence too much stillness stalks this land, as if the civil war in every human heart were only a rumour of battle

or a dream of thunder.

-A. J. Wright

To the Art Student

Whether we met in April or March I forget. I forget all but the slashing limbs that cut the face of my mind as, the of the more against the state of the more and the more against the state of t blinded by something difficult about you. I tore through a screaming wilderness that tangled all my thoughts. My actions went deranged. longed, groaned, leaned, leane wept and waited for you. Yes, I became an empty fool for a casual glimpse of your face. I used my tears to water color pictures and like silkelike of your face. I wrote profusely of unrequited love. I sat holding my heart in my hand watching it pulse, touching its pain, crying for what I had to give and could not give. for love which all the world declares supreme and scared, and tres cher with a supplementary and scared and tres cher and then forbids. I cursed all custom, I marvelled through my sorrow that a billion men would die to have a river when every heart in every man is chained. And still every heart is chained. I chafed against the chain of social law that made me be a knave, a lush or fool if I should dare spread one small word abroad to you about your endless worth to me. I forget April or May. I forget myself in this depravity. I throw my head to heaven with a laugh that you, adored past adoration, will never know someone thought more of you than of anyone on earth. I cannot spill my guts and so I hold them sick of praying for some sign from you.

Ann Sellers



A Community Of Dreamers

Once upon a time long ago in a faraway land a lad named Joseph unfettered his mind and experienced in his slumber vaulting dreams which he dared express in broad daylight and for that temerity was sold away in bondage into the land of Egypt where he suffered further vicissitude until his familiarity with dreams enabled him to unravel the mysteries of heaven and predict events on earth and to rise thereby to that eminence of which he had dreamed long before and to become a

legendary benefactor of family, friend, and foe.

Once not so long ago a small band of settlers of a tiny village in East Alabama dreamed of a center of universal learning that would rise above the sandy hills and plains of their domain to become a beacon to the world, and they too dared to speak aloud of their vision and to labor despite vicissitude for its fulfillment until a college rose, which in due time began to attain fruition when Auburn Univer-

sity began to attract students from lands around the globe and to send its sons and daughters throughout the earth and toward the stars on humane and heroic missions.

Today Auburn University is a community of dreamers standing upon the brink of greater eminence in more-universal learning, but a community troubled at times by petty politicians without and timorous souls within who—out of self interest and in the name of expedience—would fetter the tongues and minds of dreamers. Yet the real dreamers here remain untroubled by such minor impediments, mindful of the fact that our diminutive Pharaohs will awaken to the need for Joseph when they too espy the shadow of imminent famine now spreading over the earth.



Continued from inside cover

back-breaking work with contempt. Nor do the majority of people at Alabama, but somewhere in the Tuscaloosa campus mentality is the tiniest sneer (you can feel it like a sting) at the everyday waitress or housewife or dirt farmer or even the "good ole' boy" (to be distinguished from redneck) or the person who buys Rod McKuen poetry and MacDonald's hamburgers. Middle America, in other words, is not in vogue in west Alabama, at least not when I was there four years ago. But things can change. Maybe they have. I don't intend for this to be malicious gossip about the Other school, but, if you plan to break away from the strangling restriction of homogenous Auburn and transfer, beware. Remember. That's all, merely remember. You might run into some of this very attitude. And then what?

Listen to me. If you get depressed for one reason or another, like the constant rain, the atmosphere stench and fog at night (which is as inevitable as death and brought on by Gulf States Paper) or the liberal professors who take some pleasure in drawing you out from the deacons and elders of your homechurch into the ranks of the relativistic, eclectic philosophers, do not do this:

 Do not throw yourself into a whirl of Roll Tide and alcohol

- and forget the overwhelming question.
- 2) Do not seek out the lunatic fringe that orbits the area to cry on their shoulders. They will brush you off a little disgustedly and take another draw on their marijuana.
- 3) Do not run to the well-equipped infirmary there on University Boulevard for valium and diethylstilbestrol. They will think you hysterical and hand you a ticket to the Lynyrd Skynyrd concert Friday night.

I will start a "Do" list before your retina tires.

- 1) Do transfer back to Auburn.
- 2) If that is impossible, do play Rook at the BSU and scoff at the clique who frequent the Chukker. Their main ambition is to write a sequel to "Howl."
- Take your tennis seriously and don't sleep on the courts at night after a wild party at Rose Towers.
- 4) Get with a few close Christian friends and stay close. The churches are diluted.

- Don't take Nietzsche or any courses in introductory philosophy your freshman year—guaranteed to wreck your thinking forever.
- 6) Don't take seriously the fellows you meet in the post office who drop off-the-cuff remarks about unique uses for a bottle of Cocacola.
- Don't take seriously any anthropology professors.
- 8) Don't worry about the freakish samples that waltz in and out of the English building and the equally freakish samples (dressed in the other extreme) that waltz out of the nearby Business building. These two types meet on a common ground in later life, sporting regular haircuts and shaved chins, bras once again and (heaven forbid) even pantyhose when the knell of "find a JOB!" rings loudly over their heads.
- 9) Don't take me seriously.
- 10) Say "War Eagle!" till your dying day.



Index of Contributors

DR. ROBERT ANDELSON

a faculty member of the *Circle* editorial board, is a professor of philosophy and the author of a book, *Imputed Rights*. He serves on the editorial boards of *The Personalist*, an international journal of philosophy, and *The Journal of Economics and Sociology* and is listed in *Who's Who in America*.

LESLIE BLACKMON

a freshman in pre-law from Ozark, Alabama, makes her debut in this issue with a short story about personal relationships in a college setting. She has written articles for *The Plainsman* and also writes poetry.

BETTY BOSWELL

from Henderson, Kentucky, is a freshman in veterinary medicine and finds her genre in short prose pieces like "Parkette Drive-In." She is interested in creative writing of all sorts and currently works as assistant editor of *The Auburn Vet* when not meeting with The Group, a mystery clique on campus known for late night rendezvous.

DR. WILLIAM DAVIS

associate professor of philosophy, favors the *Circle* with another thought-provoking essay in this issue. He is the author of several scholarly works including *The Freewill Question* and *Pierce's Epistomology*.

RAY DUGAS

assistant professor of art, teaches graphic design and illustration courses. He has won numerous awards and has had work published in *Graphis* and *Print Review Magazine*.

TOMIE DUGAS

a part-time student, she has worked professionally as a designer in Atlanta and currently does freelance work as well as coordinating the illustration and design for *The Auburn Circle*.

MARTHA DUGGAR

Circle editor, met with the fate of former editor Billy Leonard. They had time for writing until becoming editors, then got radiation burns from the Xerox machine and finally strangled in the cord of the Circle telephone screaming famous last words, "Is your article ready!"

CECELIA HARDEN

the Greenville Whiz, is majoring in lab technology leaving no room for a minor. Cecelia's A-Number-One proofreading abilities make her the *Circle's* pet slave come layout time.

STEVE HARRISON

has been residing in Auburn for five years and is a staff member of the Alabama Law Enforcement Planning Agency. His lighthearted but apt essay on contemporary poetry is his first and, we hope, not last contribution to the Circle.

CINDY LACY

a junior in nursing, is from Auburn. She enjoys writing prose, especially short stories, and wants to train as an anaesthetist at the University of Alabama in Birmingham this winter.

KAYE LOVVORN

advisor to the *Circle*, enjoys painting kitchen cabinets and moving furniture when not busy as editor of *The Auburn Alumnews*. She was the first Auburn graduate in journalism (1964) and between the *Circle* and the *Alumnews* she stays smothered in proof sheets and pencils.

PAM MINOR

a sophomore in business, hails from Douglas, Alabama. Pam's basic frustrations in life stem from her amazing ability to sprain ankles and get too many irons in the fire at once. She can be seen (between sprained ankles) dashing from meeting to meeting and into the *Circle* office with revisions for her articles.

JERRY RODEN, JR.

a faculty member of the editorial board, was editor of *The Auburn Alumnews* from 1957 to 1965 and is now a regular columnist for that publication. When not helping critique poetry and fiction at student creative writing meetings, Mr. Roden writes his own.

BERNICE STANFORD

of Huntsville is a senior in English. She has had poetry published in *Movements* and *First Impressions* magazines and has been accepted to graduate school at the University of Alabama in Huntsville this fall.

OXFORD STROUD

assistant professor in English, teaches advanced composition and has had poems and short stories published in various literary magazines including *The Georgia Review*.

PAYTON VAN ZANT

a major in pharmacy and a songwriter, short story writer, poet and guitar-player says, "My interest is everything." Payton has had short stories and other forms of creative writing published in previous issues of the *Circle*, and is known and loved for being no less than crazy.

DR. CHARLOTTE WARD

associate professor of physics, is a faculty member of the *Circle* editorial board. She is a contributor to various scientific journals including *The Journal of Molecular Spectroscopy* and has written a physical science textbook for college students, *This Blue Planet*.

MARK WINNE

next editor of *The Auburn Circle*, has earned the title of "Interviewer Par Excellence" by this publication. His interviewing talents are revealed again in this issue in his articles on Harry Philpott and Jack Anderson. Mark is following a prelaw curriculum majoring in journalism.